Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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A New College President

BY WALTER B. MAHONY

An appreciation of Stanley King, president-elect of Amherst

EVERY one has heard or read some part of the wide-spread condemnation of American education in the last several years, and knows that much of the criticism is leveled at the huge universities with enrolments of from ten to fifty thousand pupils. Yet most people must also realize that the small college, with plenty of opportunity to give students the individual attention reformers cry for, also exists and flourishes: in such institutions as the New England group, Amherst, Williams and Wesleyan.

It is easy enough to use *Who's Who* as a measuring stick of the importance of these colleges, but the greater proportional representation of their graduates in its pages than of larger colleges is less significant than the kind of men on their faculties and in their administrations.

That Stanley King completed in 1903 his course at Amherst in three years, taking his degree *summa cum laude* at the age of twenty; that he made a brilliant record in the Harvard Law School; that he was recognized then by Justice Brandeis as a young man of great promise; that he made an early and distinguished mark in the business world; that he has been called upon for public service repeatedly; that he has visited educational institutions all over the world from the old Arabic University of El Azhar at Cairo to the great University of South Africa and from those in this country to the ones in the Far East; that he formed a wide circle of friends, including his late beloved associate on the Board of Trustees, Dwight Morrow, and his distinguished colleague, Calvin Coolidge, are obvious qualifications. Perhaps a better one is his personification of Emerson's precept that "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Frederick Palmer, describing King's association with Newton Baker in the War Department during the War, said: "When he looked longshoremen, who were refusing to load ships for France, eye to eye, they

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responded to his personality as much as to his argument." . . . The group of which he was a member "in many cases managed to keep industrial peace in war industry where other labor boards failed. Baker had found King so invaluable as an industrial adviser that he wanted him in continual association in his office. He was ready to be private secretary, or errand boy, or doorman if it would help win the War."

A man who is willing to let the glory of the moment fall on other heads, so long as the ultimate purpose is achieved, is the man to instill confidence in an American youth growing up when all shams are carefully searched.

King knows the administrative problems of the college, having served on its Board of Trustees for ten years. But better than that, he knows how to deal with young men — the sort of dealing epitomized in Sir Andrew Hepburn's plea for some University of Edinburgh boys who had been haled into court for a misdeed and were about to be punished. Sir Andrew said to the court: "You and the prosecuting attorney and myself were classmates in this same University and were guilty of this same hazing practice, but don't make these boys the scapegoats of all our crimes. Let us stop the practice and let us do it through the college authorities and not attempt to do it by punishing these few for the crimes of the many." The boys, who were let off with fines and reprimands, had an abiding gratitude toward Sir Andrew.

Mr. King wrote of a preparatory school which is sending its finest group of boys to Amherst this fall: "I want to get acquainted with them and I want them to feel that from the moment they arrive in Amherst they are free to come to me at any time with their problems, either personal or those arising in connection with their college work." This is the personal method so much desired and when it is combined with an earnestness typified in these other words of Mr. King's, the result must of necessity be fortunate: "I can only say that the rest of my life is devoted to Amherst and that I shall try to the best of my ability to justify to some extent the confidence of my friends. This confidence is very precious to me. I do not know any recompense which life offers which is more durable and more prized than the confidence and respect of one's peers."

What may have been his first active shouldering of responsibility in connection with Amherst occurred back in 1902. Mr. John W. Simpson, head of the law firm which started Dwight Morrow on his brilliant career and himself a distinguished alumnus of Amherst, later a trustee, thought that the mortgage on his fraternity house should be paid off and offered to supply half the amount if the other half were raised by New Year's Day. Despite strenuous measures, which included obtaining a ten dollar subscription from a member of the class of 1848, several hundred dollars of the sum were still to be found on the last day. The task was given to and accomplished by undergraduate members, among whom was Stanley King.

Some years later, when he had reached eminence in the business world, a new era of building started at Amherst. In a meeting at Amherst,

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methods of raising funds were discussed, or rather, were promulgated mainly by one active alumnus, who was assigning districts to certain men — until he came to Stanley King, assigning him Boston and surrounding territory with an especially large fund to raise. Mr. King sat quietly for a moment, then said: "You're very generous — with *my* time." When a more equitable distribution of effort had been arranged he did the task efficiently, but still with a sense of humor.

Later still, Dwight Morrow called upon him to act as vice-chairman of the Centennial Gift Fund for Amherst College and in this endeavor, too, he distinguished himself. At its conclusion he was elected, while still in his thirties, to the Board of Trustees — its youngest member. And this association with Amherst for ten years has been the activity dearest to his heart, and has further inspired the feeling of loyalty to tradition which is fostered with generations. His father graduated from Amherst and his son is an underclassman now.

If I seem to set too great store in an emotion — which is sometimes scoffed at as old-fashioned — toward one small college, I may be excused by the general reader because so many of our present great troubles can be laid at the door of greedy self-seeking, and because a man who can still be upright and disinterested in his dealings, who has a sincere desire to do all he can for a common good, deserves praise for it now more than ever before.

When the Concord Sage in a rare burst of humor said, "We are shut up in schools and colleges for ten or fifteen years and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing," he may have been thinking of his era's prototype of some modern collegians. But if the memory of words is combined with some knowledge of civilization's backgrounds and its component parts, and with an integrity of mind that is developed by group striving for an ideal, then there must be more respect for the fruit of those student years.

Of one of these small colleges, St. Loe Strachey, disclaiming to speak with "the usual arrogance of an old Balliol man," nevertheless reported that here "quality, not quantity, was in demand, as at Balliol. . . . In the last resort, the final object of every school and college is to make good citizens. The first duty is to teach them that they are men; how men may learn to possess, to improve and to develop their own souls, and how it is their prime duty to do so. Let them insist that man is a noble animal, glorious in his happy hours, splendid in his sorrows — the creature of the unconquerable mind."

It takes a good citizen to make good citizens, an unconquerable mind to foster unconquerable minds. And in Amherst Stanley King will prove equal to the task.

Who that has heard King has not thrilled to his opening, "Men of Amherst"? For is it not in his "genius for friendship" that lies the secret of his character? Nothing is so satisfying as the profound good understanding which is created by "that power which lies deep within of finding good in others" and led a good friend of Amherst to speak of him as "a Prince and a real leader."

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When a Horse Balks

By William Trufant Foster

What material means of sustaining prosperity did we have in 1929 that we have not today?

An Englishman in Asia returned to his parked automobile just in time to find a squad of black men hammering the car with cudgels. A native potentate had tried to ride in the car, but since it had refused to go, he had ordered his servants to "pound the devil out of it."

Such a superstition does not control *your* conduct. Other kinds, perhaps, but not that kind. When you can not start your engine, you do not blame the evil spirits. You hunt for some other cause of the trouble. Are the batteries dead? Is the fuel tank empty? Is there water in the carburetor?

Today, in the United States, however, many of our native potentates are using sledge hammers on our industrial machinery. They are trying to pound the devil out of it.

What is the real cause of the trouble? Some men contend that it is world-wide overproduction, resulting in too much of everything: oil, leather, wheat, copper, shoes, automobiles, and the rest. There is no hope, they say, of starting up our idle machines until we use up the world surplus of commodities. Other men just as vigorously hold precisely the opposite view. The cause of our trouble, they insist, was extravagance. The people of the United States tried to maintain too high a standard of living: in other words, consumed too much. We wasted our substance in riotous buying. We were all right, says *Life*, as long as we tried merely to keep up with the Joneses: the depression came when we tried to pass them.

According to still another diagnosis, our engines were stalled by unbalanced production; we produced relatively too much of certain things. Is that the real cause of our paralysis, or is it, as other doctors of business believe, the decline in foreign trade? Or is it the gold standard? Or is the true explanation to be found in sun spots, or in woman suffrage, or in jazz music, or in one of the other 231 theories of business cycles which a laborious German scholar has tabulated?

The cause can hardly be a marked increase in the world production of commodities prior to 1929, for there was no such increase. All the records, for all countries put to-

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gether, show a remarkably even rate of increase for eighty years, with no marked change in the rate from 1923 to 1929. The world production chart of the League of Nations shows a virtually straight line up to 1929. What is true of goods in general is true of many basic commodities. It is true of minerals and metals, of foods and tobacco, and of raw materials as a whole. The War is supposed to have brought about an enormous increase in the output of industry, but this increase does not appear in world statistics. As a matter of fact, says Carl Snyder, if we had confined our attention to world data, we should not at any time have discovered evidence of sudden gains in production or, for that matter, evidence of anything properly called "a business cycle." In short, a *material* explanation of our present troubles, if such an explanation is to be found anywhere, is not to be found in the data of world production.

Can we not, then, as far as the United States is concerned, find the explanation in extravagance? This appears to be the favorite theory of the bankers. In the early months of this depression, the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta declared that we must reduce our standard of living. "We have been living," he said, "in an automobile, a Frigidaire, a radio era, and have been sitting in the atmosphere of a Corona-Corona. We can not pay our debts and continue in that atmosphere. Let us not fool ourselves." At the same time, the American Bankers Association announced that it would conduct an intensive campaign to induce our people to save more money and spend less; in other words, reduce our standard of living.

The chief deficiency in this "extravagance" theory is that it has no basis in fact. During the first twenty-five years of this century, wage earners produced far more than they had any means of buying. Most of the difference was saved in the form of capital facilities. In each and every year, from 1922 to 1929, production of wealth far outran consumption. If the people of the United States as a whole really had been extravagant spenders during those years — if they had been demanding for consumption more than they were producing — there would have been a *rise* in commodity prices. As a matter of fact, prices fell. The standard work on this subject, *Real Wages*, by Paul H. Douglas, shows that if there is any *material* explanation of this depression, it can not be found in a too rapid rate of consumption of material wealth. The United States did not begin to live beyond its income until long *after* the depression set in.

According to another popular theory, the source of our difficulties is unbalanced production: relatively too much of certain commodities. This theory has been expounded at least thirty times in the monthly letter of the National City Bank of New York; but doubts concerning its soundness still persist. It does not explain why this depression came in 1929. Why not in 1925? Why not in 1927? In every year, there is unbalanced production. In 1925, for example, the price of rubber reached a dollar a pound, but fell within two years to twenty-five cents. This is evidence of unbalanced production.

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At the same time, there was relative overproduction in the oil industry and in the tanning industry. Prices and profits fell sharply. In textiles, too, the output was too large in proportion to the output of other industries. And everybody knows what happened, in the years before 1928, to coal, coffee, wool, silk and lumber. Still business as a whole prospered.

Balanced production is, of course, greatly to be desired. But none of the supporters of this theory have correlated changes in balance with the major savings of business, in such a way as to substantiate their theory. Sudden, extreme changes in the relative per capita incomes of different groups of producers is another matter; but evidence is lacking to show that unbalanced industry was a substantial cause of this depression, or that it is a substantial obstacle to recovery.

Neither can the chief explanation be found in the gold standard, for the monetary gold stock of the world has changed very little from year to year. In the United States, just prior to this depression, the basis of available gold was about twice as large as it had to be, under the Federal Reserve law, to maintain the price level. It was not lack of gold, but lack of the will to use it on the part of those in control, which caused the fall in prices. And will power is psychological, not material.

As a matter of fact, we possess in this country now — and have possessed throughout the depression — every *material* requirement for sustaining trade and employment; indeed, every material requirement for abolishing poverty. No physical necessity is lacking: everything is at hand now which was at hand in the heights of our prosperity. We have the men, machines, mines, materials, money. We have the land, the electrical power, the research laboratories, the ships, trucks and railroads, the banking institutions, the telegraph lines, the shops, warehouses and office buildings. What is lacking?

All over the United States, for the past two years, I have been putting this challenge to men and women: What *material* means of sustaining prosperity did we possess in 1929 which we do not now possess? Not once have I received an answer to that question. There is no answer. Since, therefore, there is no physical deficiency, the trouble must be psychological.

Many years ago, Uncle Hiram was the village blacksmith at Sandwich Centre. Not only were the muscles of his brawny arms as strong as iron bands, but what is more, he knew how to use them. His skill and cunning were proverbial. He had plenty of work to do, and the will to work. Nobody had better tools or better materials. Nobody was more ingenious in thinking up new things to make, and new ways of making old things. Uncle Hiram prospered. Still he was not satisfied. He had visions of a better house to live in; and he had a wife and daughter to fire his ambition whenever it began to cool.

Then a strange thing happened. One morning, after Uncle Hiram started for his forge, he turned back. His wife saw him coming and was alarmed. The spring of his step was gone. His once cheery face was sad. He told his wife that he could work no more. Why this sudden change had come upon him, he could not ex-

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plain. He still had his brawny arms and his well-equipped shop. He still had his skill and his ambition; and plenty of men and women were still eager for the things he could make. Nevertheless, day after day, he sat on his porch and gloomed.

The village doctor was puzzled. He declared that, physically, Uncle Hiram was as sound as a nut; as fit as ever for the hardest kind of work. After a while, a specialist was called from the big city. He, too, could find nothing the matter. The trouble, evidently, was all in Uncle Hiram's head. He could go back to work, the specialist said, as soon as he *thought* he could. Still Uncle Hiram sat and gloomed. Poor Uncle Hiram!

Today Uncle Sam is in the same sad plight.

SINCE, then, this depression is largely psychological, it is little short of a tragedy that, psychologically, the depression has been so badly bungled from the start. The Government had under its control, in the early months of 1930, all the material means which were required to prevent the stock market crash from eventuating in a major business depression. Merely by following policies to which it was already committed, the Government could have restored to circulation the necessary volume of bank credit. It could have sustained effective consumer demand, and thereby it could have prevented a disastrous fall in employment and in the price level. It could have done this partly through large-scale Federal Reserve open-market operations, a policy which was urged by economists at the time, and which was just as well understood then as it was when, twenty-four months later, it was actually put into effect. The Government could have met all further requirements by appropriations for public works, the volume of which will look small compared with the appropriations which will be made eventually for the same purpose. Incidentally, the Administration could have fulfilled in that way the promises which Mr. Hoover made in no fewer than four of his campaign speeches.

Instead, the Administration had no plan to offer, except futile reliance on rugged individuals. In place of the disappearing dollars, it put into circulation nothing but cheering words. Monsieur Coué seemed to have become our Minister of Finance. Federal expenditures for public works in the first year of the depression were virtually the same as in the prosperous year 1928. That is also true of Federal payments on the public debt. The country was in a monetary depression, but no monetary measures were taken to stop it. Under these conditions, reliance on Pollyanna bulletins was stupid. The time soon came when each new word of cheer from Washington was followed by an immediate sinking of the stock market. Still the bulletins came forth. Everybody seemed to understand the mental aspects of the situation except those on whom the country relied for leadership.

Since that time the Government has made one psychological blunder after another. Witness the way in which the balancing of the budget has been handled. Unless the country *thinks* otherwise, it matters little whether or not the budget is balanced in any particular year. The

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Government has the power to achieve that purpose at any time. It has no net indebtedness to the rest of the world. It can not go bankrupt. It has behind it a proved capacity for a yearly output of wealth in excess of a hundred billion dollars. It has demonstrated that prosperity is possible with a national debt six billion dollars in excess of the present debt. It has proved that the national debt can be paid off at the rate of about a billion dollars a year, even in moderately good years, without hurting business. It has far less reason to be concerned over its finances than the strongest private corporation. Yet no private corporation becomes hysterical merely because, in any one year, its balance sheet shows a deficit. The Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the other hand, did become hysterical. He announced to the world that dire calamity would descend upon us if we did not balance our budget immediately. He and other irresponsible talkers created the necessity. It is not economic. It is psychological.

Equally tactless was Mr. Hoover's recent announcement that, if necessary, he would make use of war emergency powers. If he had actually used such powers to some purpose, the whole country would have taken heart; but merely talking about what he might do, had the opposite effect. Imagine the captain of a ship going about among the passengers telling them that in case the ship began to sink, he would order them, at the point of the pistol, to take to the life boats. Such an order, as a last resort, would be beyond reproach; but what captain would incite a panic by talking about dangers in advance of his decision to act?

Still more incredible was the Anti-Hoarding Campaign. The President announced that hoarding had been increasing rapidly, and had reached the unprecedented total of one billion, three hundred million. He then begged the people, in the name of patriotism, to put their hoarded money into circulation. The day this appeal was published I talked with a farmer in Fargo, North Dakota. "I didn't realize," he said, "that things were as bad as that. I'm afraid I'll have to do some hoarding, too." Later on, I discussed this matter with men and women in twenty different States. I found nobody, outside the campaign committees, who expected the campaign to have the desired mental effect. It seems as though everybody, except the President's trusted advisers, understood the psychology of that mistaken policy. The one thing the country needed, the President announced, was confidence; whereupon he took measures which the man in the street could have told him would be sure to undermine confidence.

Here, again, it was not the hoarding so much as the advertising which did the harm. If currency was hoarded, and the country needed additional currency in circulation, an intelligent Government, endowed by the Constitution with the sole power of regulating the currency, would have put into circulation, without any ballyhoo campaign, enough currency to bring about a gradual, sustained rise in the price level. That, in itself, would have restored confidence and brought currency out of hiding. In the first months of this depression, the Government failed

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to produce Prosperity by Proclamation. It is equally futile to try to produce Prosperity by Preaching. That gives point to the remark, now current in New York, that every time Washington tries to pull a white rabbit out of the hat, it turns out to be a black cat.

All the while, the short sellers on the New York Stock Exchange, solely for their own profit, have been hammering away at public confidence. They have been engaged in a business in which it is impossible to make any money, except at the expense of other men. They have turned panics into cash. The blacker they have made the outlook appear, the more money they have made. In a depression which feeds on discouragement, the short sellers, powerfully and persistently, have turned discouragement into despair. Yet we allowed the depression to go on twenty-four months, and we allowed business activity to fall off forty per cent, before we took any effective measures whatever, either inside the Stock Exchange or outside, designed to curb the blight of short selling. And we have not yet gone far enough.

MENTAL states have far more to do with this depression than physical facts. Frozen courage hampers business far more than frozen loans. The fear of bank failures ties up more currency and credit than the occurrence of bank failures. The dread of unemployment cuts down the buying of more men than unemployment itself. Anxiety lest Congress may do something foolish hurts business far more than anything which Congress actually does. The way the rest of the world affects our state of mind hurts business more than the way it affects our markets. In short, nothing is very bad in business as a whole, except as bad thinking has made it so.

It is bad thinking which has prompted so much talk in Congress about doles. The unemployed do not want doles: they want jobs. They resent even *talk* about doles. Charity, public or private, undermines confidence. Employment builds confidence. Nothing would do so much for the mental hygiene of the country as to put five million discouraged men and women to work: to work on anything. The more prudently the projects are chosen, the better; but the important thing is that some kind of work begin and talk about doles cease. The longer the bread-lines, the longer the faces of everybody — the employed as well as the unemployed.

Yet one proposal after another has been made in Congress to hand out doles to the unemployed, instead of giving them jobs. All the while there have been innumerable needed projects, already approved: bridges, such as the Tri-Borough Bridge across the East River in New York; highway speed routes around cities, such as the route planned for Chicago; hydro-electric power development, such as the Columbia River project; subways, such as the one authorized by the Delaware River Joint Commission, to connect Philadelphia and Camden; slum clearance and rebuilding, such as now planned for four square miles of the worst crime-and-disease-breeding area of Pennsylvania; not to mention Federal public works, long ago planned and approved, involving about one

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billion dollars of wage payments, which Congress has not had sense enough to get under way.

Even with this programme awaiting nothing but the necessary funds, Senator Brookhart introduced a bill calling for $50,000,000 to be distributed as doles. Later, Senator McNary came forward with his plan "to appropriate adequate funds to be administered by the American Red Cross." He was in favor of doles, provided they were called by some other name. Then came the La Follette-Costigan bill for $350,000,000 of doles. Yet doles do not cure the disease of unemployment; they aggravate it. Psychologically they are bad. Doles destroy self-respect and the will to work. Jobs create self-respect and the habit of work. Every country in Europe has found that out. Under a dole system, both England and Germany went from bad to worse. Even in Russia, officials announced that doles were bad for the morale of the country, and gave them up. In this country, as well, we can restore confidence only by giving the unemployed what they want: chores, not charity.

But is it possible to create jobs for so many workers? Not quite yet. It will not be possible until we *think* it is.

If any one still doubts that our economic troubles are mainly mental, let him consider what would happen if the United States declared war today. Everybody knows what would happen. Congress would immediately stop this interminable talk and appropriate three billion dollars — five billion — ten billion — any necessary amount. Where would the money come from? Precisely where it is now. Orders would be rushed from coast to coast; idle mills would start running; furnaces would go into blast; railroads would come back to life; and every man and woman who wanted a job would get one. What would the nation possess wherewith to perform this miracle which it does not possess today? Absolutely nothing except a new state of mind.

Some day we shall realize that if money is available for a blood-and-bullets war, just as much money is available for a food-and-famine war. We shall see that if it is fitting to use collective action on a large scale to kill men abroad, it is fitting to use collective action on an equally large scale to save men at home. But that will require a change of mental attitude.

Speaking of the present condition of the United States, Herbert N. Casson, a London editor, said, "When a horse balks, the balk is in his head, not in his legs. He goes ahead whenever he decides to go ahead."

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Wet England

By J. M. Kenworthy

The spread of working men's clubs, competition of other pleasures, increased taxation, the threat of unemployment—all have affected sobriety in England

I have been a temperance advocate all my life and I used to be a supporter of local option, or local veto, as it is sometimes called. This means that the electors by districts would vote for or against saloons in their own localities. In other words, that we would vote for or against Prohibition in certain areas. This has actually been tried in Scotland. But after our experience of the last twenty years both in England and Scotland, and from what we know of conditions in America under nation-wide Prohibition, many even of the most ardent temperance advocates, including myself, are beginning to think there is a better way; and that it is the English way which I will describe.

It is almost impossible for any one to realize the change that has come over the Old Country who did not know the conditions of our cities and even the small towns and villages twenty years ago. Saturday evening in the working class districts of the great centres of population was a nightmare. Fighting men, screaming women, all under the influence of liquor, general pandemonium, a terrible strain on the police; and on Monday morning a crop of cases before the magistrate. They used to be dealt with in batches in a few minutes by the infliction of small fines.

Sunday morning would be quiet; but in many cases Sunday night meant another orgy, started by "just one drink" in accordance with the old idea that the best remedy was a hair of the dog that gave the bite.

Then on Monday morning bad time keeping, bad work, sore heads and vile tempers. The word *Mondayish* had passed into the English language to describe a state of mild alcoholism caused by the week-end drinking bout.

And the young people were as bad as the older generation. There was heavy drinking in all classes of society. In my own service, the Royal Navy, drink was a curse. Half the crews of our ships couldn't be allowed ashore or on liberty more often than once in three months because they'd get drunk and break up the town; and when they did go ashore they ran riot and had to be brought off like sacks of flour in the ship's

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pinnaces and dragged on board to sleep it off.

Many of the officers were ruined by drink. There were at least fifty courts-martial on officers every year for the crime against discipline of drunkenness on board ship. No one bothered if they got tipsy on shore.

The army was no better. The "Old Soldier," the hardened long service private or trooper, was frequently a toper. If he could walk past the guard room on returning from "walking out," the sergeant turned a blind eye on his reeling and swaying progress.

Drunkenness in the House of Commons was frequent. There was a conspiracy of silence, honorably kept by the press gallery newspaper correspondents and by Members of Parliament themselves, irrespective of party alignments. The fact of a drunken Member of Parliament making whoopee never appeared in the newspapers. But it happened just the same. The general public didn't know; that was all.

Hard drinking was common among business men, lawyers, doctors. Farmers were *expected* to come home from market all lighted up. Market-merry we called it. Their horses knew the way home and their wives helped them to bed. These were the habits of a minority. But it was a substantial minority and the fact was taken for granted.

So it was, right through English social life, in all classes of society. "Drunk as a lord" used to be a well understood description of complete helplessness under the influence of liquor.

The socially superior tried to avoid public appearance when tipsy. But many drank hard in their own homes and clubs.

The better-to-do women of England have always been comparatively sober. Not till the World War did drinking habits spread to educated women and girls. And then only to a limited extent. But the World War led to excesses in England, as in other countries, and the years immediately following on the peace saw the growth of tippling by women of all classes. Yet England has made a wonderful recovery from this hectic state of affairs.

WHAT are the conditions today? Saturday night in the cities is much like any other night except that the picture houses and theatres and dance halls are fuller. There is a little more jollity and an occasional "drunk"; but the drunks are mostly older men and a few, a very few, of the old and middle-aged women; the drunken women are now only of the lowest class.

The navy and the army of today are extraordinarily sober. It is a rarity to see either a drunken sailor or a tipsy soldier in an English garrison town or naval port. Hard drinking amongst the officers of both services has practically died out altogether.

During my thirteen years of membership in the British House of Commons I have only known two cases of drunkenness amongst six hundred men, in spite of scores of all-night sittings and much political excitement.

The farmers are as sober as other sections of the community.

Even the cocktail habit is dying out in society. Sherry is a much more popular drink and little is drunk of

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that. The younger members of the great middle classes are really sober.

There is only one dark spot left: the disreputable night clubs of the West End of London frequented by the well-to-do, by persons of good social position with a craving for excitement. Here there is a breaking of the licensing regulations, an atmosphere of lawlessness and much drinking of bad liquor; but there is a reason for this. It is an adventure still to go to a night club in London because there is always the chance of a police raid. At one time, a few years ago, when we had a bone-dry Home Secretary, the more the police raided the night clubs the more people went to them. But the novelty is wearing off; the glamor departing. It is no longer "the thing" to make up a "night club party" and run the risk of a police raid. And there are two or three respectable dance clubs, that are technically night clubs, where the law is never broken.

These are old, established, luxurious, strict as to membership, and fulfill a social need. I have seen and heard a Prince of the Blood Royal in the most exclusive of these establishments, order, in ignorance of the hour, wine to be brought to his party just as the clock had struck midnight — the official limit for the sale of drink.

The manager, a well-known figure in the night life of the English metropolis, was sent for, and addressed his distinguished guest in these words: "If Your Royal Highness *commands*, the wine will be served. But the legal hour has passed and if Your Royal Highness *asks* for wine my waiters will not bring it." No more wine was opened on that night!

Today there are not more than half a dozen night clubs in all London, and possibly three in all the provincial cities of Britain, where the licensing laws are violated. And they are not making money.

But the fashionable hotels with good dance bands are crowded. Not a drop of liquor can be had after midnight in London hotels except when there is an occasional "extension" by an hour for a gala evening. The risky night clubs which break the law are voted dull by the younger smart set of 1932.

But there is another club development in England which is interesting. Up till comparatively recently only the well-to-do used social clubs. Now, since the Great War particularly, there has been a phenomenal growth of working men's clubs. There are over a hundred of them in my own city of Hull, with a population of 300,000. There are thousands of these clubs up and down the country. They sell beer and spirits to their members; but that is not their primary object. They are social clubs, in the best sense of the word, where laboring men and artisans can meet their equals.

The advantage, from the temperance point of view, is that a working man can use his club and not take a drink in it from one year's end to the other. They have billiards and other games, radio, gramophones, books and magazines. These clubs organize sports, outings, concerts; and picnics for the children of their members.

In a public house, or saloon, a man or woman going in *has* to buy a drink

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of some kind. Though plenty of beer, and a smaller proportion of spirits, is drunk in the clubs, there is little drunkenness. An habitual offender is expelled from any decent, well regulated working men's club; and the majority *are* well regulated.

In several of the big cities the working men's clubs have formed themselves into a protective association. They stand together against unnecessary police interference or persecution by some of the extremists amongst the temperance reformers who don't appreciate their movement. The saloon keepers, a portion of whose trade has gone to the clubs, naturally view their rivals with some hostility and have used various means to try to check the growth of the clubs. But these associations have another function. Only reputable clubs can belong to them; and they raise the whole tone and add to the respectability of these working men's organizations. Furthermore, the name of a member who is an habitual drunkard or quarrelsome or a nuisance in some other way and who is expelled for one of these reasons appears on a secret black list which is circulated, and he has no chance of getting elected to any other decent club in the district.

The growth of the club habit among this class of members is largely a result of the War. The citizens who became soldiers got used to the rough companionship of barracks and camps and trenches. When they returned, they wanted somewhere to foregather and meet their fellows.

The wives support the clubs because no woman is allowed across the threshold, except at the weekly concert on Saturday or Sunday night; and then they must be wives or daughters of members and with their husbands or fathers. The woman knows that only decent members of her sex will be admitted. In the public house any one can go in; the wife never knows with whom her man will come in contact.

WHY this increase in sobriety in England? There are a number of reasons.

First I would put it down to the competition of other pleasures — the cinema; the motor coach outings into the country, so cheap as to be within the reach of all purses; radio; the cheap motor-bicycle, which nearly every young man in regular employment hopes to possess; and if he spends money on drink, he can't pay the instalments on his "bike."

There are many more facilities for recreation than there used to be. For example, twenty years ago tennis for the mass of the people was unheard of in England. It was an "aristocratic" game. There were few democratic tennis clubs. Now every small town, and many of the villages, have them. Most of the young people play tennis quite irrespective of their social position.

Golf in Scotland was always a democratic game. There are plenty of Scottish working men golfers. But now in England, too, the golf habit has spread through all classes. There are already scores of working men's golf clubs and their number is increasing. Golf, which used to be considered only a rich man's game in England, is now popular among all classes.

Again, there is the influence of the

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women. The girls in England are not teetotalers, but they don't drink. Two or three glasses of wine a year is, I should think, the average of the ordinary business girl or young woman factory worker. They only touch alcohol on special occasions — birthdays, weddings and the like. And they object to their men friends drinking because it means that they have less to spend on their sweethearts.

And that brings me to another important factor. There has been a tremendous increase in the price of drink through heavy taxation. A bottle of whiskey costs twelve cents to produce, bottle, label, cork and contents. Twenty years ago it used to sell for eighty-four cents, of which sixty-eight cents was tax. Now the cheapest whiskey costs $3.12 a bottle, the increase being almost entirely due to the revenue duty.

Beer used to be four cents a glass. Now the cheapest beer is sixteen cents and any ale of substance costs twenty cents a glass. This is solely due to the taxation. With wages comparatively low and the cost of living high, even the professional men, the commercial travelers, the shop keepers, haven't the money to drink much unless they are to do without something else which they desire to have. Since the increase in taxation last fall there has been something like a beer strike and the State will actually lose revenue this year as a direct result of the last tax increase on beer and stout.

The automobile and motor-bicycle have been a great factor making for sobriety in the absence of any special stimulus to drinking by making it romantic. Nearly every farmer owns an automobile and many of the "drummers." And a motor car won't find its way home when the driver is drunk.

The punishments for drunkenness in charge of a motor are heavy. But public opinion is an even stronger deterrent.

The rise in the general level of education, and, therefore, of intelligence, and the better understanding of the rules of health are important factors.

Employers set their faces against the drinker, and, with heavy unemployment in all grades, the man who drinks is apt to be fired first.

Also, there is the increase in athletics and games, especially among the masses of the people. Hiking is extraordinarily popular in England; the pastime has spread like a prairie fire. Every week-end from all our cities and towns in England, Scotland and Wales, parties of young men and women set out to hike, and some of them to camp, and they do it right through the winter. It is a fact that hard drinking is unknown amongst their personnel. They don't ever think of packing liquor when they go on trail.

A chain of "youth-hostels" is being established right across England and Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland. These are for hikers, who can get a bed for twelve cents and do their own cooking or buy food cheaply. None of them sell liquor. There is no demand. I have had a little to do with the establishment of these hostels, and the idea of providing strong drink never crossed any of our minds.

Finally, and perhaps the most important reason of all for this increase

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in sobriety, liquor is not a topic of general conversation in England, and there is no thrill about getting it. No one bothers about it. There is no offense, no adventure, no feeling of devilment that one is defying the law. The drink is there, to be had everywhere in Britain. But the sales fall off every year.

IN CERTAIN parts of Wales, where the saloons are shut down all day on Sunday by action of the county authorities, there is wide-spread drinking by citizens who take motor coaches and trains into the wet Sunday districts and crowd out the local inhabitants. But that's just because they are not *allowed* to drink in their own districts and are determined to have a drink because it *is* against the law, and not so much because they want it. The same thing has happened in the few districts in Scotland gone dry under local option. The transport companies have been the only ones to benefit.

An interesting result of this tremendous change in social habits is the altered character of the English public house itself. It used to be, in most cases, a drinking den and nothing else. A moldy biscuit or a stale sandwich was all the food available; the whole revenue depended upon the sale of intoxicants. The tap rooms and bar parlors were little and cramped. Now the public houses are fewer; but they are better built, roomier, less crowded. A large business is done in the sale of food. Games and music are provided, in competition with the working men's clubs. There is a tendency for wives to go to these reformed public houses with their husbands. A few years ago, a respectable working woman lost caste if she was seen in a saloon. It was unthinkable for a middle class woman to enter one. Gradually, however, the women are taking to going to the public houses with their men and drinking lemonade or other soft drinks, or just sitting with them.

One of the most noteworthy changes in social habits is the dying away of the morning drink. Thousands upon thousands of workmen, especially in Scotland, used to be unable to go to work in the early morning until they had had a dram of spirits washed down with beer. Now these same men, or their sons, if they drink at all, have a bottle of beer after their work is done at night. Business men, commercial travelers especially, are far more sober. They didn't used to be able to do business, so ran the legend, unless drink was shared between salesman and customer.

All this increase in sobriety has been achieved in the face of a tremendous campaign of publicity and advertisement by the brewers, whiskey distillers and wine and brandy merchants. These gentry are not in business for their health; they need to sell their wares. They hire physicians to advocate alcohol as a healthy beverage, contribute to the campaign funds of any political party which will accept them and have been known to subsidize individual legislators. They have even managed to capture a number of the clergy, innocent or otherwise, to aid them in breaking down the buyer's resistance of their potential customers.

Despite this high power drink salesmanship, England becomes more and more sober every year.

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Partly as a result, there has been a substantial decrease in crime. Since the end of the Great War we have closed no less than eighteen prisons in England and Wales alone; some of them for ever. The empty jails have been sold for other purposes.

The health statistics show a steady upward movement and the death rate an annual decrease. This isn't all due to the falling off in the consumption of alcohol; but more sober habits are undoubtedly one of the contributory causes.

Yet there *are* restrictions. In most of the provincial cities the closing hour of the saloons, which is strictly followed by the clubs, is ten o'clock at night. In a few of them this is extended by one hour. The saloons and clubs can not sell alcohol before eleven o'clock in the morning or between the hours of three and six in the afternoon.

There are many social students and observers in England who believe that progress toward universal sobriety would be more rapid if there were not even these restrictions. Thus, if there are two men in the saloon and it's known they will not be able to get a drink after ten o'clock, at five minutes to ten they will order liquor, whether they are thirsty or not, so as to be sure of having it. While, if there had been no restriction, they would probably have gone home at quarter past ten without drinking more.

WHAT is the trend of public opinion and probable future legislation?

The temperance reformers are still active, but are divided into three schools of thought. First, are the Prohibitionists, few in numbers, active, determined, attached to no particular political party.

Next are those in favor of local option or local veto. That is, as described above, they believe in each district or county deciding by vote whether to have saloons or not. These would not attempt to prohibit the drinking of liquor in homes; but the prohibition on saloons and hotels would be extended to the clubs. The local optionists are mostly to be found in the Liberal party and this proposal has been one of the minor planks in the official programme of that party.

The third school believes in full State control of the liquor traffic itself. Their argument is that we should remove the profit-making interest from the sale and manufacture of alcoholic drinks. They would go so far as to nationalize the whole drink traffic, and carry on the manufacture and sale of liquor by the State. There is fierce antagonism between these three schools. Those who favor State ownership and control are mostly found in the British Labor party, though it has no liquor plank in its programme, either wet or dry. The Liberal temperance reformers shrink from the State's touching what they call "the accursed thing." But they do not object to the Treasury deriving revenue from drink.

One area, that of Carlisle, was actually brought under State control during the World War. It was a great munitions-making centre. The Minister of Munitions was permitted to take control of all the saloons and hotels in the city. This control, exercised by commissioners, still con-

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tinues. They don't manufacture liquor, but only sell it; and the restrictions on hours are rather more severe than in other parts of the country. There is a division of opinion as to the success of the Carlisle experiment, most of the "drys" claiming it as a success and most of the "wets" denying this.

The Conservative party, by tradition, supports the brewers and distillers against any drastic legislation. But it was a Conservative Cabinet which introduced legislation at the beginning of this present century for the gradual extinction of superfluous licensed houses for the sale of drink.

There is an annual levy on all existing licensed houses. This is held in a fund from which compensation is paid to the owners when a superfluous license is revoked. The plan has worked well and is one of the reasons for the decrease in the number of liquor-selling houses.

Every year the licenses have to be renewed for the existing houses. The licensing magistrates must not include amongst their number any license-holder, any publican or brewer or other person directly interested. If the police can show that a licensed house has been badly conducted, renewal is refused; and a license can also be suspended between times for misconduct, on police representation.

Clubs which break the law can also be struck off the register and the premises may not be used again as a club for a term of years at the discretion of the magistrates.

It is fairly safe to prophesy that nothing drastic in the way of legislation will be attempted for many years, if ever, for the drink problem in Britain is solving itself. There may be more rigid control of the clubs, but even this will be fiercely resented; and the club vote is an important factor in British politics. One thing certain is that Britain will not adopt Prohibition, at any rate in this generation. The "bone drys" have lost ground heavily, especially in the last ten years.

To sum up, England is becoming sober and the lesson surely is that public opinion is the greatest influence for temperance, especially where it is allied with a better understanding of the evils of excessive drinking; and that the more restrictions and inhibitions, the less sobriety there is in an educated democracy.

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Cauliflower Ears

By H. W. Whicker

Their virtues, in the Platonic sense, are cathartic, and their appearance from time to time on the heads of both gods and men is comfort in the storm of "Thou shalt nots" descending on us

The ancient Greeks, from the morning when Theseus introduced the pancratium, on down through the Golden Age and into the period of their decline, were as human as are we, and vastly more insistent upon realism in current spectacles. Their matches were all to a finish. The principals anointed their bodies with oil and rolled in sand; they hit and kicked and bit and choked and gouged, no foul blows, no holds barred, no round limits. The loser some obscure peasant carted off to ignoble burial; the winner a rioting and acclaiming populace carried through a breach in the municipal wall and gave him forty oxen, a horn full of golden coins, and the two fairest maidens of the city. Hercules was their Manassa Mauler, their Strangler Lewis!

The record of these brutal spectacles is written in terms of swollen ears and other pugilistic deformities upon their noblest statues of warriors, gods and heroes — a record easily decipherable in such examples as the *Farnese Herakles*, *Diomedes with the Palladion*, *Agias the Pancratiast*, and the formidable bronze of *The Seated Boxer*. Upon the head of the latter are the cauliflower ears, the puffed eyes and lips, and the broken-down temple bones and bashed-in nose common to any punch-drunk old warrior of our own day. Even the most beautiful statues of Apollo and others of the gods bear these same marks of the pancratium and the palæstræ.

Such sculptors as Phidias, and others representative of their age, probably used victors of the pancratium for models, due to the clearly defined anatomical lines of their over-developed bodies, copying with infinite exactitude, like the faithful masters of detail they were; and if they had not glorified such deformities as the manliest of physical characteristics, they would never have carved them upon the heads of their gods. It is not difficult to trace here a value constant in human nature; and more, we can appreciate the length to which antiquity's greatest civilization went to relieve the psychic congestion of its public mind.

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Briefly, in the *Philebus*, Socrates distinguishes between the pleasures of mind and of body and proceeds from the physical into the psychic, using the former to illustrate the latter. His conclusion is a middle ground, with wisdom and pleasure uniting, and mind the cause of the unity. The powers of reason, memory and future calculation give man a capacity for spiritual happiness and satisfaction that animals do not and can not have. Pain, mental or physical, is the consequence of a relapse from nature, as for example hunger and thirst; while pleasure, on the other hand, follows replenishment which accomplishes the return to nature through the ordinary processes of eating and drinking. The human spirit, quite the reverse of the body, generates and stores within itself love, hate, anger, vengeance, envy, greed and like energies lending themselves to psychic classification. To use a modern figure, it is as a boiler with fires raging on its grates and depending upon its safety valve for security from explosion.

The spirit, accordingly, is forever seeking a safety-valve or catharsis for its pent-up emotions: spectators smile through their tears at a tragedy in which hate, envy, greed, vengeance and kindred psychic forces impel the characters of the drama through a formal composition and design, or plot, of the author to a climaxing catastrophe, not knowing that the play is relieving them of the same emotional congestion as they live in the characters on the stage. Again, the ridiculous, growing out of impotent ignorance and clownishness in comedy, eases off, naturally and normally, fun, fatuity and bathos. Greek comedy and tragedy, perhaps all other comedy and tragedy, developed to these ends. It was upon this principle, or theory, of catharsis that they staged the pancratium.

Our modern descendants of the pancratium, the prize-fight and the wrestling match, answer the same purpose to no inconsiderable degree, a likelihood that has rendered them proof against reform and lavished upon their Tunneys and Dempseys a fame and fortune beyond the most fanciful dreams of Presidents, statesmen, poets, artists, teachers and other representatives of the more dignified professions; but, unlike the pancratium, they have moved away from the actual and the real toward drama and the stage. I am personally of the notion that all bouts worth seeing are "framed," as indeed they should be. We look for instance upon a play: a light sheds its feeble glow in a castle bedroom, a burly figure enters, a thousand faces turn pale. A dagger thrust, a muffled shriek — and Desdemona is dead! But is she? After all, isn't the show "in the bag"? Isn't it a dramatic situation designed or composed by a master mind behind the scenes?

The tragedy, real as it may seem from the pit, is faked upon the stage. We wipe away our tears and file out satisfied, knowing that the same actress will entertain us again, perhaps in the identical scene. John Barrymore somehow survives *Hamlet*, and Otis Skinner a dozen other tragedies; but our indignation knows no bounds at the mere suggestion that a prize-fight promoter has had

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resort to like deception. In literature, or upon the stage, composition and design are the heart and soul of art, but in the ring the forked tail and cloven hoof of fraud. What consistency in things have we here, and what consolation from the *Philebus?*

Let us be reasonable. The stage has its producer, the ring its promoter. Both are of necessity swept along by the same current; both are artists behind the scene, both business men speculating upon the whims of the crowd. And in either case the success of the venture depends upon the shrewdness of the analysis. There is a time when the public disdains Maude Adams for Clara Bow, a time when it scorns Jack Dempsey for Gene Tunney, and the reverse. If the promoter and the producer ignore the human nature back of this, disaster dogs their trail, empty seats sadden their hearts. Both are rigorously forced by good sense to play to the emotions of the crowd. Both must know that the æsthetic possibilities of individual man are as infinite as the number and spaces of the stars, but place him in a crowd, and he has the nature of a wolf. In the spirit of the pack, he cries out for slaughter. Something from out of the ages gets into his blood, from society's viewpoint a dangerous, and from the promoter's or producer's a profitable force. To meet the demands of this primitive lust, and ease its psychic congestion away in general satisfaction — perhaps stimulate a taste for more — the promoter must, like the producer, design and compose. And let it be said to his credit that a Tex Rickard is as rare in an age as a David Belasco.

The modern promoter's problem is at all times a baffling thing. Where the Greek master of the pancratium had only to start his principals off and rest secure in the certainty of speedy death for the loser, and the mob happy at a big barbecue afterward, our promotional genius must temper his show to all the changing whims and caprices of a vastly more complex social system, and one that no longer tolerates human sacrifice. He is compelled to study the likes and dislikes of his public in the same spirit as a writer of best sellers, a director of popular movies, a composer of song hits, or a publisher of newspapers.

Before the World War we took life in a leisurely fashion; we had no place to go, we went there slowly — the water in our emotional boilers was lukewarm. It was then that Joe Gans and Freddy Welch were champions, and Frank Gotch and Jack Johnson too. Thrilling were the nights when Mike Gibbons, Packy McFarland, or Battling Levinsky sparred and flitted through twenty round draws. An early knockout, and we left with a feeling that we hadn't got our money's worth. We wanted boxing; the promoter gave us boxing. After the Armistice, when our minds were still inflamed with tales of horror and quick annihilation in the trenches, we wanted our murder done on the instant, no extra flourishes — one lethal punch, and a man prone on the canvas. Our blood was hot, our pulse racing, our emotional boilers super-charged. The killer part became the rage. Jack Dempsey followed with his string of quick knockouts. We welcomed the Manassa Mauler with open arms and

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prodigal purses. When the War began to fade into background, and our pulse returned to normal, Gene Tunney came into prominence and the regal purple of fistiana.

Prize-fighting was bringing in its millions at the gate, hence it was respectable in a day when respectability still demanded a smattering of the arts and literature. We need not be amazed that the versatile ex-marine turned to Shakespeare and the social register. Why shouldn't a descendant of Hercules have a friendly interest in the Bard of Avon, and know him intimately? They have much in common, when we consider the principle and purpose of all stage art in the light of Plato's dialogue.

The most dramatic moment in the history of modern pugilism passed in a roar from 110,000 throats during a certain seventh round which all of us recall at Chicago a few years ago. Jack Dempsey was a figure as dynamic as the ring has ever known, and more popular than any champion of past or present. Gene Tunney, on the other hand, had been publicized as a sleek young highbrow, the type any American fight rabble hopes to see knocked into the proverbial cocked hat; and general interest had been shrewdly intensified by the publication of a series of letters setting forth the ancient and ever appealing theme of personal animosity.

In the ring itself, that memorable night, were two veteran fighters, an old and experienced referee, and around it three understanding judges capable of sharp critical distinctions. On with the show! A series of short punches to the mid-section in true Manassian manner, and Tunney was down, with Dempsey glowering over him, the champion of champions about to regain his title, about to attain the unattainable. What a superb touch of the unusual! But alas, a decisive defeat for our Shakespearian, and he would pass from the titular stage for good and all. And who again could be villain in a company that would draw such another crowd? We don't know what went on behind the scenes, perhaps we never shall. The effect upon the public mind is still too fresh to demand further detail. Yet strangely, thousands of pugilists, ranging from the rankest amateurs up to champions of various divisions, meet each year under the same rules, and this singular situation of the long count has never developed but once, and that once at exactly the right time. Had Sinclair Lewis, or any other author of our age, worked out a plot so utterly new and unusual, so strikingly removed from all literary precedent, we would acclaim him founder of a new movement in literature. Must we then take the credit from our pugilistic impressario of impressarios and give it to the gods, who know neither joy nor sorrow, nor profit and loss? And shall we still insist upon laying something so infinitely artistic at the doors of mere chance?

There are no more *Hamlets* and *Macbeths*, for Shakespeare is gone to the realm of his own muses; there are no more Tunneys and Dempseys, for the great Rickard is now enjoying immortality in the meadowlands of Elysium, where the Olympians watch over the warriors and heroes of all time. Recent promotional fiascoes

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indicate that pugilism is ebbing away to its minus tide, and that the crowd is rallying to wrestling's orgies of groan and grunt, as in literature to crudely dramatized gang warfare, gold-digger fiction and *true* confessions.

Let us assume, for argument's sake alone, even at the risk of miring into rank heresy and sacrilege, that the Dempsey-Tunney classic in Chicago was "framed" — or rather, let us say, designed and composed. Was it not for this composition and design the nearer *Hamlet*, and the farther removed from the primitive brutality of the ancient Greek? If indeed the modern prize-fight is art, and emotional catharsis as such, there is some excuse for its being — it is in pace with the life of its day, with one critical consideration in whether or not it is good art or bad art.

I am not contending, let it be understood, that every fight great or small is framed, or that every automobile accident at a street intersection is a set-up — I am even willing to admit that certain of the true-story magazines have a greater circulation than most representative fiction; but that literature and that art which are above the commonplace in any enlightened age are of necessity designed and composed, and not for the abstract alone, but for the crowd.

It is highly probable, if we may rely upon the reasoning of Plato in the *Philebus*, that nature balances or attempts to balance every instinctive emotional reaction with its normal catharsis; and this compensating tendency follows us down through what we do for our noblest and most ethical acts into our commonest amusements and fads. Every organized society embraces both ignorance and intelligence, with the intellectual capable of finding his happiness in the Platonic unity of wisdom and pleasure the exception, the mediocre man and his grosser spontaneity dangerously near the rule. The balance of power in government is inevitably with the latter from sheer force of numbers, or rule of majority — a public generating, in its mass mind, the passions of love and hate, the hysterias of hope and fear, the enmities of avarice and envy, the urges and lusts of sex, and other forces of emotion which gradate from the sublime to the ridiculous, and from the æsthetic and beautiful to the base and vile; and if institutions, conventions, traditions and habits did not spring up for relief of these psychic pressures, chaos would follow as surely as explosion in over-heated boilers with locked safety-valves.

We have, as I have sought to show, one such safety-valve or catharsis for instinctive blood lust and brutality in the prize-ring at a time when, in our modern state and condition of business and economics, ignorance has unlimited power and the most dangerous potentialities locally, nationally and internationally. Socrates explained to Protarchus as follows in the *Philebus:*

> Are there not three ways in which ignorance of self may be shown? In the first place, about money; the ignorant may fancy himself richer than he is . . . And still more commonly, he may fancy himself taller and fairer than he is . . . And yet surely by far the greater number err about the goods of the mind; they imagine that they are a great deal better than they are . . . And

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of all the virtues, is not wisdom the one which the mass of mankind are always claiming, and which most arouses in them a spirit of contention, and a lying conceit of wisdom? And may not all this be called an evil condition?

And if the division be further pursued, Protarchus, we shall see childish envy, in which is a singular mixture of pleasure and pain . . . All who have this ridiculous conceit of themselves may be divided, like the rest of mankind, into two classes — one of them having power and might; and the other the reverse. Let this then be the principle of the division; those of them who are weak and unable to revenge themselves, may be truly called ridiculous, but those who can defend themselves may be truly described as strong and formidable, for ignorance in the powerful is hateful and horrible, because hurtful to others both in reality and in fiction, but powerless ignorance may be reckoned, and in truth is, ridiculous.

And in the same vein of reasoning Socrates also says:

Then if we want to see the true nature of pleasures as a class, we should not look upon the most diluted, but at the most vehement.

It is at the ringside that the old man revives his lost youth and sees it irresistible, charging, weaving, ducking and lashing out in triumph. His intolerance of the loser is, more often than not, in the fact that the reincarnation of other days goes down with the vanquished into the ignominy of defeat. It is at the ringside that the weakling sees himself as the man he has wanted all his life to be; and there that all of us look upon violence and bloodiness, and in the spectacle lose the pent-up force and congestion of a lust that goes back to the first morning of the world.

There may be beauty here as well, that of the perfectly trained and developed body in action, its anatomical lines clear, clean, rippling with strength and speed. There may be beauty in the harmony and rhythm of its motion during the combat. But though we admit the possibility of an enlightened mind satisfying its craving for this and other abstractions of the æsthetic in a cool, impersonal appreciation of what goes on between bells, this is not the purpose of the spectacle, and such craving may be better satisfied elsewhere.

THE demand of the human spirit for emotional catharsis, subject always in its outer form and spectacle to public whim and caprice, may be traced into every phase of modern life from the State university down to the bridge tea table. Educationally the mass system of instruction has robbed our schools and colleges of their personal touch, and made teachers herders and students sheep, forcing from its routine those vital elements of loyalty to a cause, heroism, strength, courage, persistency and self-sacrifice which to youth are positive virtues; and for their natural expression our students stampede for the gridiron as other mobs and masses to the prize-ring. Any comprehensive research will show beyond doubt that the rise of football to its present top-heavy eminence closely parallels the movement of education away from its interest in the cultural adventure of the individual to the big scale production system still in vogue despite the depression, a system that has made mere labels of degrees that were once medals for distinguished service on academic battlefields.

Man has never lost his curiosity

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over the mystery of life and what is beyond death. We are still beset by the same elemental hope and fear with which the earliest primitives viewed the changing aspects of phenomena. The logician turns in his wonderment to metaphysics or speculative philosophy in its broadest sense; another mind, less trained, perhaps less intelligent, loses itself in the emotional frenzy of temple evangelism or camp-meeting revival; but rationalism and hylotheism, on the one hand, and incantation and abracadabra on the other, if not the answer to this first and oldest of riddles, are at least the source, for the type of mind involved, of spiritual satisfaction and psychic relief, and in view of the illimitable range of mentality, indispensable. War upon any individual or organized expression of either, and men will die for it with a devotion that is nobility itself.

The confusion and perplexity, the persistent afflictions and miseries of sex, it seems, increase in proportion to our social progression from nature. For the birds, for the animals that roam the forests, for the natives of the jungle and for the most remote tribal units of the North American Indian, sex has no problems; but for civilized man it is a veritable Scylla and Charybdis of marriage and divorce, love nest and red light district, companionate wedlock and free love, and crime and social disease. Men now swing golf irons where men once brandished war clubs. The day is gone when the rigors of outdoor life along the frontier exhausted physical energy and cooled the lusts and desires of sex; we perform our tasks and push through our professional duties and obligations in regulated temperature before the desk. The very nature of modern life forces idleness upon all youth but the sons and daughters of the poor. It is not difficult, then, to understand the feminine nudity on the vaudeville stage, or the growing sale of fiction and other publication alluringly frank in its sex appeal and detailed in its portrayal of boudoir escapade, nor is it strange that court rooms, where these things come out in the wash, are crowded with the morbidly curious. Appoint boards and pass laws of literary and theatrical censorship, and the demand becomes more insistent, the clamor louder. If the knowledge were but general that the Bible and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* can not legally be sent through the mail, a national revival of interest could safely be predicted in the Thirty-eighth Chapter of Genesis and other portions of the Old Testament, and the free and easy tales of the Miller and the Reeve.

Human vanity, and its desire for the applause and glorification of our fellows, is alive in all of us, and the motive of no small part of what we do. Who among us is not moved by the dream of vast accomplishment, and exceptional heroics? And who among us is not dwarfed into insignificance by Lindberghs and Byrds and Posts and Gattys, by Morgans and Fords, Marconis and Edisons, Einsteins and Millikans, and Tunneys and Dempseys, with such modern methods as the radio and the daily paper but adding to our inferiority complex? But at the weekly service club luncheon we may have our puny backs clapped by the

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broad hand of organized and sloganized fellowship as if we had moved mountains, and generous indeed are the plaudits which rise to our commonplace.

Bridge is nothing short of a godsend to the American woman. Modern life has forced her into apartment dwelling, often without children, and without the intellectual habits of mind which might salvage leisure from idleness. Bridge absorbs the burden of time and gives significance to her voice in an atmosphere where conversation is long since dead; bridge gives her first the motive, then the opportunity for what ranks as accomplishment in an age when literature and the arts are often out in the cold; bridge rescues her, if she be aggressive enough at the table, from obscurity and opens the Sunday society page to her publicity. And it is so with other fads from ping-pong through the years to miniature golf; it is so, if the inquiry were pushed, with perhaps all other things that we do.

Nevertheless reform leaps from its hutch, yapping and snarling at the heels of every passing pleasure; and even in this spectacle, doubtless, for those who are so inclined, there is yet another emotional outlet which demands its full due. We no sooner write, by apparent majority approval, one inhibitory "Thou shalt not" on the statute books than we begin drawing up another for its test at the ballot box or in the halls of government. The bones of rollicking old Bacchus are not picked clean ere the vultures are wheeling and darting over tobacco, tea and coffee, and what other habits and liberties that may have survived out on the hot sands of paternalism. If all our laws were enforced, and if everybody abided by them, the spiritual boiler of a nation would be calked tight and sealed with the pressure of Bedlam and revolt within. Our crime waves, the gang warfare racketeering and kidnapping that, for example, have followed Prohibition, and the wreckage of human conduct strewn along every legal beach from the justice of peace to the Supreme Court bench, are perhaps overwhelming evidence that steam is already escaping from parting joints and seams while nature keeps the fires going on the grates.

Whether or not laws and regulations for our restraint, ranging from how we shall or shall not cross a street intersection through to what we shall or shall not read, or what we shall or shall not drink at our own tables, have smothered dead our individual sense of obligation and duty to those about us, and to our institutions of government, is after all a matter of conjecture, with much to be said on either side. Yet there is some reasonable ground for the conclusion that the ophthalmia of reform to what is beneath the surface boiler-plate of human nature may in time confuse solid rock for quicksand in the foundations of the paternalistic superstructure of "Thou shalt nots" rising over us. Human nature, however, goes blithely on being human nature, and it is at least interesting, perhaps consoling as well, to know that Socrates, Philebus and Protarchus discussed the matter intelligently more than three hundred years before Christ, and that cauliflower ears appear from time to time on the heads of both gods and men.

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Beggarman, Thief

By Louise Lambertson

A Story

The room was cold and damp; the air was stale with the dreadful staleness of poverty. The light, a dim bulb shrouded in newspapers, was supplemented by a circlet of flame from a gas plate on one corner of the kitchen table. A pail of water half over the fire bubbled gently; steam rose in a faint spray from its surface. There was a hole in the pail and water dripped from it, just missing the flame, and fell with an erratic plop-plop, plop-plop into a pie tin on the table. The pie tin was almost full. On a white iron bed against the wall, two children, wrapped in a cocoon of blankets, made little sucking sounds in their sleep.

Nellie Hull, in a low chair beside the gas plate, stopped rocking. "I'd rather teach him to steal than to beg!" she said. Her thin lips were twisted into a grimace of pain. She smoothed her tawny hair with hands which trembled.

Joseph Hull did not look at his wife. His eyes made a slow circuit of the room, as if he sought to impress on his memory the familiar details: table and sink and cupboard and white iron bed; two chairs, two doors, two windows. There was no heat save for the inadequate gas plate. It was a room which was supposed to be the kitchen of a three-room apartment, but in which the four of them had lived and eaten and slept for months. And lucky to have a roof over their heads! "You mustn't say such things!" he muttered.

"Why shouldn't I say it? It's what I've been thinking!"

He stood up and went to the window. For the sake of something to do, he rubbed away the frost and peered out at the night. Hard pellets of snow danced upon the glass and the wind whisked in long, uneven gusts. The street light directly opposite had gone out; there was no traffic; the snow was piling in great drifts. Inside, the flickering blue flame gave false promise of heat; the air tasted bitter from gas. From somewhere in the basement came the eager nibble-nibble of a mouse. Upstairs, the Barlum baby wailed fretfully and the Orson's radio blared jazz. Ada Flaherty kept clattering about in the lavender satin mules her latest boy-friend had given her for Christmas.

Joe turned toward his wife. "I'll get work. Maybe tomorrow I'll find something to do." He tried to speak

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cheerfully, but there was no conviction in his husky tones. He was a big man, and awkward, with kindly blue eyes set in a lean face above a turned-up nose which seemed, somehow, too small for the rest of him.

"No," she answered drearily, huddling her shoulders together like an exhausted bird. "We might as well face it. They're millions just like you. Millions of men out of work. There's no work for any of them. It's got so the little five-year-old boys have to work. They're the only ones can find anything to do."

Her eyes focused on the bundle of blankets on the narrow white iron bed; her voice went on in its tired monotone. "*I* taught him what to do. I taught him to go up to some woman in a fur coat and tug on her sleeve, just gently, so as not to tear anything. I taught him to smile. To look up at her with his big blue eyes and say: 'Please buy a paper!' And when she says no, as they usually do because women don't like to carry papers, I taught him to make his lower lip tremble and to say: 'Please buy! I'm so cold! I want to go home!' "

She stopped talking. The room was very still, save for the bubbling of the pail of water over the flame. She leaned forward, her hand stretched out, splay-fingered, toward the warmth of the steam.

"They always buy, then," Nellie went on. "They can't resist his big blue eyes. They give him something. A penny or a dime. They don't want the papers, but they give him something, anyway. Sometimes they even give him quarters. But they don't want the papers, and that makes it begging."

"He won't remember. He'll forget all about it."

"He'll remember. All his life he'll remember. And I'd rather have him steal. It takes courage to steal."

"Don't talk like that!"

"It does! It takes courage to steal. That's why I'd rather have him a thief than a beggar."

Joe sat down again, facing the fire. "Hard times can't last forever. The papers keep saying that things are picking up. When the factory starts running again, I'll get my job back. You know that, Nellie." There was a note of appeal in his voice. Surely Nellie must understand: he was a good workman. It wasn't his fault that he was out of a job.

She nodded with bitter acceptance; her eyelids drooped. "Sure, I know. You're what they called skilled labor. You've been in that factory for fifteen years. It's all you know. That's one reason you can't find another job."

He did not answer. There was nothing to say. Nellie was not complaining; it was a simple fact she stated. It wasn't any one's fault.

HE STARED at his wife; the woman he had married, but so different. In the days of their prosperity, she had been pretty and comfortably plump. Poverty had sharpened all her lines. She was no longer pretty. He thought about it bitterly. A man married a woman, expecting to be able to take care of her and of his children. A careful man, like himself. With a good job, and a little money in the bank against emergencies. A reliable, self-respecting man, working at his trade every day. A good citizen. It wasn't

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vanity when he called himself a good citizen; he'd always taken an interest in civic affairs, and voted, and he'd always contributed to the charities, when they asked him. Now he was eating food that those same charities provided.

He tried to think where it was his fault in any way. It wasn't. Just hard times. Overproduction. There had been graphs in the newspapers explaining it all very fully. Such things happened periodically. There wasn't anything you could do about it.

In the white iron bed, the baby made clucking sounds in Georgie's ear until the elder child stirred restlessly. "They're cold," Nellie said. "They're always cold. There aren't enough blankets since we pawned those two. I put more newspapers under the mattress today, but it doesn't seem to help much."

Joe took off his coat. "You mustn't do that," she said, watching him.

"I'll be all right," he answered quickly, going to the bed and spreading the coat over the two children there. It was cold, but he felt better without the coat. It was a relief to be able to do something for them; to give them some slight comfort.

Nellie stared at him with her hopeless eyes. "Maybe we'd better change the water again," she said, rising stiffly.

They began a ceremony which they had already repeated a half dozen times that night. He lifted the pail of boiling water from the fire and placed it on the floor, while she reached under the bed for another covered pail which was filled with tepid water. Carefully, he ladled the boiling water into two bowls and a soup tureen; then poured the tepid water into the leaky pail and placed it on the stove, while she emptied the smaller dishes of hot water into the other pail, covered it and shoved it under the bed. The baby whimpered.

"I don't believe it really makes the bed warmer," Nellie muttered.

"It helps," he assured her. "It acts kind of like a radiator. Tomorrow, I'll try to plug up that leak again, so we won't have to bother with changing pails."

A flicker of dread crossed her face. She slumped in the rocking chair. "Maybe tomorrow there'll be no quarter for the gas."

A vein in his temple began to throb visibly. He took a deep breath. That was like Nellie! She didn't mean to nag, but she made it sound as if she blamed him for all their troubles. Why must she keep talking? Didn't she know that some things were better left unsaid? He tried to make his voice sound casual. "You've got to stop worrying so. You'll make yourself sick."

"Somebody's got to worry. Somebody's got to do something." Her eyes were veiled with fear. She kept twisting her slim fingers together. "If things get much worse, they'll take the children away from us. They'll put them in an orphan asylum."

"No!" he cried. He was horribly startled, as if he had been awakened by the scampering of a furry rodent across his unprotected face.

"They might."

He tried to argue away the terrible suggestion she had made. "We aren't really in such a bad fix.

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We've got this room and food and a fire, and we're all well."

"Charity," she said dully. "Charity food and charity fire and charity room."

There was a lump in his throat and he coughed hackingly. "Be sensible!" he urged.

"Georgie begs for the money that buys the fire and the food and I beg for the room. That's what it amounts to . . . charity. You know Clem wouldn't stay here and pay the rent for the whole apartment, if he wasn't a relative!"

Joe moistened his lips. His lean face flushed; he was angry as he always was when he thought of Clem, but mixed with his anger was a darker resentment which he did not dare to analyze. "Clem's not really a relative. Only your third cousin."

"I'm glad *he's* willing to admit the relationship! We'd be out on the street, if he wasn't willing to call me cousin."

For a moment, something close to hatred flashed in her eyes; but Joe knew the hatred wasn't directed at him. It was Clem she didn't like. In the days of their prosperity, she had disdained and avoided him whom now she strove always to flatter and pacify. Clem hadn't changed, nor had Nellie; but conditions were different.

He rubbed his big hands together and bit his lip, tormented for the hundredth time by certain vague suspicions which he was neither able nor willing to put into words. He told himself that he didn't actually know anything against Clem Crane: it wasn't right to condemn a man because he had a shifty eye and no visible means of support. But Clem always had money: where did he get it?

"You've got it in for him," Nellie said, "because he sleeps late mornings. You think a man ought to be up and about at seven o'clock, even if he's got nothing to do."

They both knew that this was not true. Nellie was only working out her bitterness in talk. "I merely said that he kept queer hours," Joe answered mildly.

A flush tinted Nellie's sallow cheeks. She had been sullen, and she was ashamed of it. Looking down at her, Joe realized again that she hated Clem and feared him, and that she put up with him only because he paid the rent. "I wasn't meaning to criticize," he said, and managed a smile.

She was very sober. "You've no right to criticize him as long as we're living on his generosity!"

Generosity! He tried to look at the matter fairly and without prejudice. From Clem's point of view. Clem paid the rent for the whole apartment, and let them live in one room. Of course that *was* generous. But there wasn't any heat in the kitchen, and Clem kept the door to the other rooms locked, even when he was away; it wouldn't have hurt him any to leave the door open so the warmth could come in, especially when he was gone. But Clem wouldn't even let Nellie into his rooms, except to clean them while he stood and watched her. When Nellie gave him his breakfast, about noon, or a bite of late supper, he always came into the kitchen to eat it. And he had changed their old sitting room into a bedroom, so there were two doors to close between

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him and them when his swaggering friends came to see him. Joe shook his head. Generous didn't seem exactly the word to describe Clem.

IN THE distance, a big clock boomed ten times. Nellie stopped rocking. "It's time to wake up Georgie," she said.

Joe went over to the bed, picked up his coat, and examined it critically; it wasn't too badly worn, but it hadn't been to the cleaners for a long time. There was a spot on the collar, and he dipped his finger in the pail of water, and scrubbed the spot gently. The spot was still there. He put on the coat; then unwrapped the older child from the bundle of blankets. The baby moaned, but Georgie did not wake. "Georgie!" he said, carrying him to Nellie's lap. "Georgie, Porgie!"

The child opened his big blue eyes, looked from one of them to the other, and immediately began to cry. "I don' wanna!" he blubbered.

Joe was busy putting on the little boy's shoes. "Just for a little while," he promised.

Nellie made crooning sounds. "Maybe you'll get lots of nice shiny quarters tonight," she said. "Won't that be nice? If you get lots of quarters, you won't have to stay long at all. You'll be home almost before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"I don' wanna go sell papers!" Georgie sobbed. "I'm sleepy. I don' wanna do it."

Nellie stood him on his feet. "Not papers, tonight, Georgie. You're going to sell magazines. Pretty magazines with pictures on the covers. Don't you remember that the magazine this week has a nice, pretty doggy on the cover?"

Joe smiled and waggled his ears at the boy in the way which always made him laugh. "What kind of a doggie is it, son?" he asked heartily.

Georgie rubbed small fists into his bleary eyes. He was diverted. "It's a houn' doggie."

"Some day we'll get *you* a houn' doggie."

"What'll you call your dog, when you get him?" Nellie asked vivaciously. She was helping Georgie to blow his nose.

"Rags."

"Not Rags. That's a name for a long-haired dog."

"Rags!" Georgie asserted stubbornly.

Nellie and Joe exchanged strained smiles; then she sobered again. "Do you remember how I taught you to sell the magazines?" she demanded.

Georgie looked ready to cry again. "I don' wanna," he began, but Nellie interrupted him sternly. "Now listen carefully to mama! When people come out of the theatre, you go up to the men and say, 'Please buy a magazine!' If they don't pay any attention to you, tug gently on their sleeves, to get them to look down at you, and then you say: 'Please, mister, I want to go home! I'm so cold!' Can you remember that, Georgie?"

He nodded his curly head vaguely. "Why aren't you to ask women to buy, tonight?"

He stared at her, and recited what he had been taught, using her very words. "Because at night the women are with their husbands and they don't carry purses."

"That's right. So at night you

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must always ask men. It's different in the day time. And what do you do when they pay you?"

"Put the money in my left pocket."

"Yes. And what do you do if they ask you for change?"

Joe broke in bitterly. "I don't like this! People are generous enough to him without teaching him to short change them!"

She ignored the interruption. "What do you do then, Georgie?"

Twisting away availed Georgie nothing; she jerked him about to face her. "I take two nickels from my right hand pocket and I give him one and I say, 'Is that right?'"

"And don't forget that you mustn't smile when you say it. Just look puzzled and surprised. Open up your eyes very wide, but don't smile."

Georgie didn't say anything; he began to finger the row of small white buttons down her cotton dress. She snatched him to her and gave him a resounding kiss. "Are you telling mama's fortune, baby?"

Georgie grinned shyly; his fingers traced down the row of buttons. He said, "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. Rich man, poor man! Mama, you're going to marry a poor man!"

"That's right, honey."

Joe was scowling furiously. "I don't like it, Nellie," he said again. "It won't hurt him any to try to sell the magazines. Lots of boys do that. But to teach him to pretend not to know how to make change when people haven't the proper coin. . . ."

Nellie pulled the boy's cap over his ears. "If it was just selling the magazines, *you* could do that. But nobody would pay you fifty cents for a five cent magazine, and sometimes they will give it to Georgie. They think it's cute when he doesn't know how to make change." She brushed a hand across her eyes, and her voice grew shrill with bitterness. "You don't think I *like* having to teach Georgie this, do you? It's just that we've got to live somehow."

Defeat possessed him. She was right. They had to live. He was a poor no-account who couldn't take care of his family. A five-year-old could do it better than he. He put on his gloves, the brown one which belonged to him and the tan one he had found in the street. Georgie's mitten snuggled in his hand. "G'bye, mama," Georgie said plaintively.

At the door, Joe hesitated, listening. Down the hall, another door had opened, and quick footsteps echoed. "That's Clem, going out," Nellie said, in a warning whisper. Joe did not move. "Open the door and say good evening! You've got to be more friendly to him, Joe!"

Joe knew that she was afraid that Clem might not be content to stay with them. That would be a tragedy. He managed a wry smile, and twisted the door knob, pulling hard to open the swollen door.

Outside, there was the sound of stumbling; then something clattered against the wall, and there was a burst of profanity. Joe looked out, with Nellie running to peer over his shoulder.

"Damn it to jumpin' blue blazes!" snapped Clem. "Why can't you keep that brat's playthings inside?" Clem was small and sharp faced, and he

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wore a black cap which came down over his eyes and a blue coat which was turned up about his ears so that only his nose and cheeks were visible. In the pockets of his coat, his hands twitched nervously.

Nellie picked up the broken doll buggy. "That belongs to the little Barlum girl," she apologized. "She must have left it down here. I'm sorry I didn't notice it, Clem." She didn't say what she may have been thinking: that Georgie had no playthings.

"Well, you better keep it out of the hall!" Clem said gruffly. "I got other uses for my legs than wearing them in plaster casts."

After Clem had gone, Joe and Georgie went out into the stormy night. It was a half mile to the shop where they bought the magazines, and where Joe changed his last quarter into nickels; then several blocks farther to the theatre district. "Remember what mama told you," Joe said, in front of the biggest theatre. The billboards in the lobby showed dozens of smiling girls wearing feathers and lacy hats. Joe had no overcoat. He went into the lobby, away from the wind, and stood there looking at the posters, as if he were waiting for some one to come out of the theatre.

Georgie stayed at the curb. He was all bundled up in his woolly gray coat, the magazines clasped in his thin, red-mittened hands; and when people passed by, he said what he had been taught to say. Sometimes he walked a little way with them, appealing; but always he wandered back to his position in front of the theatre. It was bitter cold, and the wind was strong; occasionally, he staggered, as if the gusts were too much for him. After a while, Joe motioned to him to come into the lobby. Georgie was panting, and his eyes were bleary from cold, but his father did not dry them. Tears helped to make Georgie seem pathetic. "How goes it?" he asked anxiously.

From his left pocket, the little boy produced the coins which had been given him: three dimes and two nickels; from his right pocket, he drew out three of the original nickels. Joe sighed. People were being hard boiled tonight. "Never mind," he encouraged. "The show will be out soon. You'll have better luck then."

A smothered sob wracked the little body of the boy, but he did not protest. He wandered out into the storm again, and presently his small figure was lost among the gay theatre throng. Joe did not try to keep him in sight then; he stood pressed against the wall, looking down at the muddy marble floor and the well-shod feet which went tripping by. He stayed there until a thin man with a scowl came to switch off the lobby lights.

Half way down the block, Georgie was trudging wearily toward the theatre. Joe noticed at once that all but three of his magazines were gone. The queer feeling that he always had when he saw his son on the dark street with his bundle of papers tightened his throat.

"I got two dollar bills," Georgie said proudly. He put his mittened hand into the left pocket and drew out a collection of small change and the two crumpled bills. Silver didn't mean much to him, but he knew that bills were important.

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"Good boy!" Joe took the child and the magazines into his arms. "How'd you like a chocolate bar?" he suggested. That was Georgie's reward for the bills; and besides chocolate was nourishing.

At the shop where they had bought the magazines, Georgie decided that he preferred a pink candy-man with licorice eyes. All the way home, snuggled against Joe's shoulder, he munched on it, smearing it over his mittens and against Joe's cold ears.

THERE was no light at the side entrance to the apartment, only the faint reflected glow from a bulb in the main corridor. After the biting pressure of the storm, the air seemed stale and bitter. On the rubber runner, Joe's shoes scrunched protestingly. Upstairs, the Barlum child was still wailing and the Orson's radio blared the platitudes of Amos and Andy. Georgie was licking his mittens for the last crumb of sweetness. "Don't do that," Joe said automatically.

The front door banged, and Joe heard feet come lumbering down the hall. Vaguely surprised, he looked up. Against the dim light at the corner of the hall, he saw a man in uniform . . . a policeman.

"Where'd he go?" shouted the cop.

"Why . . . who?"

"The dirty thief that just ran down this hall! He must have passed you."

"No one passed me," Joe said steadily.

The cop had scratched a match on the floor and was bending over to stare at the rubber runner. "See his tracks?" he said triumphantly, pointing at shapeless puddles. There were no dirty blobs of water on the stairs. "He didn't go up," the cop concluded. He was a big fellow with blue eyes and a heavy, Irish face. "And you say he didn't pass you. So he's got to be here!" Bending over, scratching matches on the floor, he traced the puddles to Joe's door. "Who lives here?" he barked.

"I do." Joe was suddenly frantic with worry. Suppose something had happened to Nellie and the baby! They were alone and unprotected, at the mercy of any prowling beast. He jerked open the door, and stood staring at his wife, gasping from the shock of seeing her all right when his dark fancy had been picturing something dreadful. She was standing beside the bed, with the baby in her arms. The blankets were spread open over the cot, as if to air. The newspaper-shrouded light bulb swayed in the draft from the hall; its flickering light made her seem taller than she really was, and thinner. She looked an old woman.

"Mama!" said Georgie complacently. "I ate a candy-man, mama."

She stared past Joe at the cop. She didn't seem startled, or even surprised. The baby whimpered and she patted her on the back.

"Where'd he go?" the cop demanded, pointing at a blob of water in the middle of the floor.

"Why . . . no one has been here." She was very calm, not at all excited, as Joe was; but there was a queer sort of wariness in her self-possession.

"The cop followed a thief into our hall," Joe explained rapidly. "The tracks lead right to our door."

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"Blackjacked an old man over the head and robbed him and left him unconscious in a snow bank!" growled the cop. Without ceremony, he stepped across the room and tried the door to Clem's room.

"It's locked on the other side," Nellie said.

"He's in there then!"

Nellie laughed. It didn't sound at all like her laugh; it was as if some strange woman had laughed through Nellie's lips. She had cuddled the baby on her shoulder and she kept patting her back. "Not through that door. I told you that no one came in. And about those tracks, I must have made them, I guess. I went down to the corner drug store a few minutes ago for some cough medicine for the baby."

Astonishment made Joe's jaw drop; he shook his head, as does a dog with water in his ears. What a queer thing for Nellie to say! The baby hadn't a cough, and even if she had, Nellie had no money to buy medicine! Was she lying?

She laughed again. Why did she keep laughing in that affected way? There wasn't anything funny in what she was saying.

"I wore my rubbers," she went on. "Snow always sticks so to rubbers. I suppose it melted off, when I came in."

Joe knew then that she was lying. Nellie didn't own a pair of rubbers.

The cop scowled. "I tell you I saw this fellow run down the main corridor and turn the corner. Your husband says no one passed him on the way in, so he's got to be here." He turned to Joe. "Unless maybe he managed an extra spurt of speed and made the street before you came in?"

Joe hesitated; he knew that the street had been as deserted as the hall. A sick feeling was growling in his stomach. Why was Nellie acting so queer? "I'm positive there was no one in the hall," he began. Nellie's eyes met his, cold and unwavering. Were they warning him? Warning him of what? He began to stammer, as he always did when he was excited. "But in the street, I can't be so sure. It was storming hard and I didn't notice."

Georgie began to twist with impatience in his arms. "I'm sleepy, Daddy." Joe set him on the bed.

"Don't put him there!" Nellie said sharply. There was a nervous intensity in her voice quite out of keeping with her words. She seemed to realize it. "His clothes are probably damp," she explained. She sat down on the bed herself and took Georgie in her lap, placing the baby beside her, but not covering her with the blankets. It was cold . . . why didn't she cover the baby? Why did she sit on the bed with those blankets spread out like that and the baby blue with cold?

"Better cover up the baby," he said.

Her eyes flicked past him, expressionless. She smiled at the cop, arching her head in a way which might have been coquettish. "Don't you suppose that he might have taken off his rubbers?" she asked brightly. "If he was trying to put you off his trail, wouldn't that be a logical thing to do?"

"Huh!" snorted the cop, but two worried lines creased his brow. "Maybe he did," he admitted after a

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moment of thought. "And if he was cute enough to think of that, I guess he's had time enough to make his getaway by now, all right."

Nellie began to take off Georgie's overshoes. Her voice was very clear and she spoke precisely, as if she was giving attention to each separate word. "Well, of course you can ask the families upstairs, if you want to. But I haven't heard any one go up, and I'd be sure to hear, if they had. And I did hear some one running past the door, although I didn't think anything of it, at the time."

Why was Nellie talking like that? And why was she sitting there beside the baby and not covering her with the blankets? He started to speak, but Nellie silenced him with a glance. "Lots of people who don't live here use our hall as a short cut from one street to the other," Nellie said.

An idea came to Joe. There was that pail of water under the bed. Perhaps Nellie was embarrassed, and didn't want the cop to see that pail. She was ashamed of the way they lived. That must be it.

"Who else lives on this floor?"

"The apartment opposite is vacant." She spoke with pleasant dignity. "My cousin, Clem Crane, lives next door."

"Well, why does he keep his door locked, if he's your cousin?"

The smile on her lips did not change; her face seemed stiff from smiling. "He had guests earlier in the evening, and the children kept running in. I suggested that he lock the door, so they wouldn't keep bothering him."

How logical it sounded! Joe couldn't keep his puzzled eyes from Nellie's smiling face. It must be that she didn't want the cop to suspect that the door was always locked, or he would think Clem was a queer kind of a cousin. That was it: she was ashamed.

"Clem went out about an hour ago," she said pleasantly. "I suppose he forgot to unlock the door."

The cop was looking at her as if he didn't quite believe what she was saying. But Nellie wouldn't protect a thief; she was a decent, honest woman. Those things she had said tonight didn't really mean anything! She was just trying to make the best of things; she didn't want the cop to know what a poor stick of a husband *he* was. A man who couldn't provide for his family! She was ashamed. How terrible that she should be so ashamed! The sick feeling which had been in his stomach crept up to the level of his heart.

For the first time, the cop seemed to notice the poverty of the room. He rubbed a gloved hand over his chin. "Kind of down on your luck, eh, buddy?" he asked Joe.

"Can't find work," Joe admitted.

The cop took out a yellow bordered handkerchief and mopped some melted snow from the back of his neck. He seemed to be considering something. "There'll be plenty of work tomorrow, cleaning up after this storm," he said. "I tell you what you do. You go down to the City Hall and ask for Clancy and tell him that I sent you. He'll give you a job. I'm Clancy, too. We're brothers."

Gratitude brought a huskiness to Joe's throat. "Gee! Thanks a lot! I'll sure do that! That's fine of you!" He was going to have a job! He felt as if the fever, born of fear and anxiety, which had been burning in

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him for months had suddenly broken, leaving him weak but comfortably normal. For days, worry had salted his food to bitterness; he had not been able to eat. Now he was conscious of a ravenous hunger, as is a convalescent, and against his will tears misted in his eyes. "I don't know how to thank you," he said hoarsely.

The cop made a large gesture. "Sure, that's all right." He turned to the door. "Well, I guess I'd better be going upstairs, although 'tis plain it's no use. Good night, folks." The door banged behind him; they could hear his feet climbing the stairs, clump, clump.

"DIDN'T I tell you I'd get work?" Joe cried with lips which trembled. He was very happy. Hope had come back to him. "Maybe this job will turn out to be a steady thing! He's a good fellow, that cop."

Nellie did not answer. She sat very still and alert, as if she were listening to the footsteps and excited voices overhead. Georgie slumped beside her, half asleep; the baby sneezed.

"Why don't you cover the baby?" Joe said, reaching for the blanket. "She'll catch cold."

She seized his hand quickly and pushed it away. "He might come back," she said, very low.

All Joe's elation faded, and the worry came flooding back. Something was wrong; very wrong. Shame alone wouldn't make Nellie act like this, now that the cop had gone. "Say! You're acting awfully queer! Aren't you glad I'll get a job? And why were you telling that cop all those lies?"

He sat down heavily in the low rocking chair, twisting it about so that he could face her.

Black eyes were looking up at him from under the bed. Black eyes . . . Clem's eyes! The draped blanket served to conceal Clem from all other points of view. So Nellie had done this! Done it for Clem. Concealed Clem under blankets and left her child to catch her death of cold!

He started to rise, to call out to the cop. He was furious and ashamed.

"Hush!" Nellie commanded.

"You must be crazy! Didn't you hear him say that Clem's a thief? He slugged an old man and left him in the street unconscious!"

"Hush," Nellie said again.

He was very angry; he felt that there was no excuse for Nellie. What if Clem was her third cousin! He was a thief, a brutal thief; maybe a murderer. They were decent, honest citizens; they were on the side of law and order. "Clem's got to take his medicine!" he said fiercely.

"Be quiet!"

Almost against his will, Joe's eyes met those bright black ones which looked up at him so steadily. From under the bed, a hand appeared, grasping loosely two twenty dollar bills. "They're yours," said Clem. "Take them."

Joe kicked viciously at the outstretched hand. "No!"

Nellie's voice rose a guarded tone. "Take them!"

"No!"

"Take them. Clem's good to us. He pays the rent. Do you want your children turned out in the street?"

Joe could hear something in his head crackling like fire. He was chilly with sweat, and there was a red haze in front of his eyes, so that he

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couldn't see clearly. But he could think. Never before had his thoughts had such bitter logic.

Clem paid the rent. It was as Nellie said: Clem paid the rent. You couldn't get away from that fact. It was primary. If the rent wasn't paid, Nellie and the children would be out in the street with no place to go. The children in an orphan asylum; Nellie heart-broken, sick. *He* couldn't pay the rent; but Clem could. There was one thing he could do for his family; he could protect Clem, so that Clem could go on paying the rent. A man's first duty was to those dependent on him. It needn't matter to him in the least what Clem was or what he had done, so long as he provided shelter for them.

At the head of the stairs, some one laughed. They could hear the cop moving about, heavy footed. "Sorry to be disturbing you folks like this. I guess he got away all right, but I'd kind of like to take a look around if you don't mind."

Joe felt that he couldn't stand any more. The sick feeling was bitter in his throat. That job at the City Hall might not last more than a day — then what? As Nellie said, they'd be on the street, and the children in an orphan asylum.

Upstairs, Clancy was laughing and clumping about in his heavy shoes. "Yeah, he got away all right. But we'll get him, sooner or later!"

The words seemed to bring understanding into the bitter confusion of Joe's mind. "Sooner or later!" Yes, sooner or later, they always got them . . . thieves. And Clem was a thief. They were bringing up Georgie to be a thief!

God! Georgie a thief, hiding under a bed — that was what they were bringing him up to do!

And Clem! Even in good times, Clem had never worked. Never wanted to work. Clem was just naturally bad — a thief. Slugging an old man on the street, leaving him helpless in a snow bank — to die, perhaps.

"Good night, folks!" Clancy was saying upstairs. His feet came plodding down the stairs.

And now Clem had come running to him for protection — to Nellie — and Nellie had given it to him — at what price?

Georgie — ah, Georgie! Georgie was the price! The price of making Georgie a thief!

Clancy was just outside the door. Joe flung it open. "Clancy!"

The cop, surprise on his face, glanced in. "He's under the bed!" Joe said. "My wife didn't know."

Then Clem was snarling, crawling out from under the bed brandishing a gun; and the cop had him in handcuffs, and disarmed. "Rob a helpless old man, would you?" Clancy growled.

"I'll get you for this!" Clem shrieked. "You dirty . . ."

"Hey! Shut up!" Clancy said, shaking him like a rat. "You won't be doing anything for the next twenty years! We got enough on you, all right!" He turned to Joe. "You remember what I told you about the City Hall!"

"Sure," Joe said dully. "Thanks..."

THEN the cop and his prisoner were gone, and they were alone again. Nellie didn't look at him. Her eyes had the blankness of intense shock.

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Joe sat down beside her and wrapped the baby in the blankets. "I know just how you felt," he said. "But we couldn't do it, Nellie. Clem's a thief, and we can't protect a thief. We're decent people."

"Because we're decent, we have to starve. . ."

"No," Joe said. "There's the job at the City Hall. And if that doesn't last long . . . we'll put the children in an orphan asylum. For a while. They'll be taken care of there."

There was no expression on Nellie's face, and yet he knew that she had accepted what he had done. He had been right, and she knew it. She had been tempted to do wrong, and he had saved her from a terrible mistake. Some day, she would tell him; but now she could find no words, she could only sit and stare with dull eyes at a future which held no promise.

He touched her cold hand gently. "It'll be all right, Nellie," he promised. "And anything's better than bringing up Georgie as we've been doing. It's Georgie we've got to think of, now."

"Yes. Georgie."

"We can't have Georgie a thief!" Joe said.

Bring Mountain Twilight

By Geraldine Seelemire MacLeod

The feel of twilight in the air tonight
Has let me dream horizons of high rock —
And in my west a tipping silver flock
Now scorns salt-water ways and screams for height,
Veering and seeking in an anguished flight
The cold and quiet regions of the hawk.
They strive up sky. I climbing with them walk
The sea-slope downward into sudden night!

Oh, cling to the long twilights of your days
Among the mountains, as those twilights cling
To the great granite crags! The black and blaze
Of sea and desert wait you here. Oh bring
Enough of those wide twilights in your heart
To hold your night from shutting us apart!

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These Germans

By William C. White

Two human pictures of the Germany of today

General von Schmidt slipped into obscurity after the rise of the German Republic in 1918. Once he had been on Hindenburg's personal staff, the leader of the drive on the northeastern front in 1915, and, later, commander of a sector on the western front until the end of the War. He was retired in 1919, glad in some degree that the Republic honored him by forgetting him, hurt that the Republic forgot his soldiers who should have been honored.

Now he has only his pension — eighty dollars a month, for the inflation wiped out his wealth in bonds and banks. He and his wife live in a three-room apartment in the south of Berlin, but they do not regret the lack of space. With mementoes of their past all around them, the crowded condition of their rooms, stuffed with most of the treasures of their former eighteen-room apartment, brings back the past to them in more concentrated form.

"The old General likes young people around and wants you to come to dinner," a friend told me. "But you had better decline — he would do it in proper style and that would cost him too much. Say you'll come for supper instead."

I found von Schmidt's apartment in one of those Berlin streets where every window of the six-story apartment houses is a bit of garden, overflowing with petunias and geraniums.

"*Gruess Gott*," the old man welcomed me. He was wearing an old but scrupulously overhauled cutaway. Time had scarcely touched his broad shoulders, but only a wisp of his former military mustache remained.

His wife, in black, with a massive chain of twisted gold supporting a rococo locket on her bosom, seemed just an animated bit of the background. She excused herself immediately and went to the kitchen, while the old man showed me around the crowded rooms.

Paintings covered every possible space on the walls, whether the light on them was good or not. The best placed picture was one of three lads grouped around a handsome officer in full regalia.

"My wife did that," the old man said with well founded pride. "Those were my three sons."

Endless series of drawers and boxes were opened, and Rembrandt etch-

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ings, old books, autograph letters of the Prussian kings, water colors by Frau von Schmidt were passed before me with kaleidoscopic speed.

"We have so many things that we love," General von Schmidt added, as if to apologize for what might seem ostentation.

The only thing of the present day in the whole apartment was a signed photograph of Hindenburg.

Supper was on the table — a bowl of pretzels, some pumpernickel and cheese, and butter. A gallon jug of beer stood by the host's chair. Nothing whatever was said as apology for the meagreness of the fare; and that I took as a compliment. Conversation was at first a bit awkward. Outsiders, let alone foreigners, seldom crossed the life of the old couple, who lived so intimately that it was impossible for them to be casual. Any one like myself, perforce, had to share that intimacy and, in so doing, became thereby more of an outsider.

"I was in Belgium during most of the War," the old General began. "I can show you photographs I took there. The Belgians liked us . . . "

"Tell about your great day at the front," his wife prompted him.

"Yes, yes, my proudest day during the whole War!" he smiled broadly. "My division entered a little Belgian village and, after we found billets, I went into the small local church to see what works of art I might find there. I saw an old altar and imagine my being able to decipher the inscription and to be able to prove that it was a Spanish altar of the Tenth Century! I wrote a monograph about it which I shall show you."

"And get your medals, by the way, and show them too," his wife said.

He brought from some closet four large wooden boxes. They were filled with leather jewel cases and each case contained a decoration. There were fifty different kinds — Iron Crosses, the medals of German states and cities, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Hungarian honors — the smaller the country, as a rule, the gaudier the medal. There was a large Chinese decoration and one of the Rising Sun of Japan. "I was an instructor out there before the War," he explained. Of one medal only did he seem proud, the rarely awarded German "*Pour la Merité.*"

He replaced them in their cases and smiled, "I should have needed a bosom three times my size to have worn them all at once. I have given orders that all these are to be returned at my death."

I thought his wife nodded assent. He turned to refilling our glasses.

"I AM glad for my quiet life today," he began again. "The War — a nightmare, and what for, what?"

"You lost many friends in it?" I asked — a clumsy question.

"*Ach, Gott*, yes — and my three sons." He groped for another subject. "My divisions usually faced the English. They are great fighters and fair ones. And your Americans, too. But the French are swine — I have seen them bayonet wounded men."

"Swines and savages," his wife interrupted. "And those people are now our jailers."

"My wife is bitter, naturally," the old man smiled. "But I can forgive the French. Today they are the

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wealthiest but most misguided nation in Europe. They are misguided because they have yet to learn that there is neither virtue nor happiness in wealth. This lesson we German folk have learned in the past ten years — and we are a better nation for it. The French, by their conduct since the War, have forced us to learn this. I thank them."

"I hate them," his wife said. "Because of them, Germany faces chaos today which will infect all Europe. Europe and America must save Germany."

"No, my dear," the old General spoke patiently — this was obviously a subject on which they had long disagreed — "only the German people can save Germany. Neither money nor prosperity nor new boundaries are what we Germans need. We must have a spiritual regeneration if the German of the past is to be reborn."

"I notice you say 'German' and not 'Germany,'" I commented.

"The Germany of the past, autocratic and imperial, is dead, and can never be reborn," von Schmidt replied positively. "The Kaiser fled and with him he took far more than his life — our one-ness, our faith. He was my commanding officer, he was the symbol of unity for all our German folk. I remember the morning at headquarters, in November, 1918, when the message came saying that he had deserted. I disbelieved it, I laughed. Well, he fled. And he took with him the possibility of there ever being another Hohenzollern in Germany."

"By the way, Herr Excellenz," I asked from curiosity, "where were you on the morning of the Armistice?"

He had no time to answer, for his wife interrupted, "Hohenzollern or not, Germany must have a Kaiser! That is what is wrong with us today — no unity — "

"You will find no one who wants a Hohenzollern," von Schmidt replied. "But you will find millions who long for the regeneration of the German of old — fearless, free, part of a unified whole, seeking the opportunity to realize the best that is in him. The Versailles Treaty, in part, prevents us from doing that. But no force or nation can hold sixty million people prisoners."

"It is the French — " his wife said bitterly.

"It is the French," the old man continued quietly, "to whom, in many ways, we owe thanks. They have taught us, for one thing, the real value of wealth." He turned abruptly to his wife. "Are we not happier here, this way, you and I?"

She made no reply. I saw her lift her eyes to the portrait of her three sons.

"And the French have given to the German people their greatest opportunity —"

"You always say that," the old lady interrupted, "and I never understand."

General von Schmidt paused to light a cigar. "It is the French who have given the German people a chance for new world leadership. The whole world today lacks unity and is lost, just as we Germans are. Can the French, with their psychology, in spite of their wealth, lead us? Everything the world over seems relative, transitory. We search for permanency, for a solid foundation. In the search for that, Germany can

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lead. In a suffering world, those folk who have suffered most can best find the truth because of the depth of their experience. And we Germans know now that there is nothing permanent in so-called material things. A nation that sets those things up as its gods worships a force that can only bring destruction. Was there ever a war not caused by those idols? Was there ever a war with spiritual causes?"

The General's wife had perhaps heard her husband speak thus before; she rose and began to clear the table.

"In the Eighteenth Century," my host continued, "there was the same state of mind as today — uncertainty, a search for permanency, the crashing of certainties brought about by your English philosophers, Locke, Berkeley, Hume. It was a German, Kant, who found a basis of permanence on which philosophy could rest for some generations after him — that truth lies in the way one looks at the world. And it will be so today — the German people can lead the world to a spiritual regeneration, to greater selflessness, to a new way of evaluating life."

I wanted to bring the conversation back from metaphysics to something more concrete. "But what must happen here in Germany before what you prophesy will occur?"

"A spiritual regeneration of our people," the old man snapped.

"Under what kind of government?"

"Neither that of Hitler, which is based on selfishness, nor that of the Republic, which is full of dishonesty and greed —"

"There have been more political scandals in the past ten years under the Republic," his wife added, rejoining us, "than there were in the preceding five hundred years of our history."

"Have you heard of the Sklarek case?" von Schmidt asked. "Some Jewish contractors stole more than a million dollars from the Berlin city treasury, their trial has been going on for a year and a half and they have not yet come to the presentation of the charge."

"But what kind of government would you like?" I asked.

"There are men who could have run the Republic honestly — not Socialist grafters, but former army officers. No, I'm not speaking for myself — but men who loved Germany above party or self. The form of government is unimportant — the spirit is everything. We German people must be purged, our faith renewed. The new Germany will be something new — a land spiritually reborn."

"I don't understand much of what you mean," his wife commented.

"I mean that we shall be a nation that does not have the acquisition of wealth as its objective. Today we are all poor, together. Reparations have taken much of our wealth and we are done with them today. You will find no man, from Hindenburg to the dirtiest communist, who expects to see another *pfennig* paid for tribute. In these years we have found the value of simplicity. My wife and I have greater riches here than when I had my estates and my inheritance. Things will be all right so long as Germany avoids inflation —"

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"Inflation —" his wife echoed the word. It meant bad memories.

"The German people want no more of it. It could not be! From my own point of view, what would happen to a fixed pension with inflation today? No, no, it is unthinkable!"

He rose from the table. "Let me show you the photographs which I took at the front — I hope no one will ever have a chance to take such pictures again. And there is no reason why there should ever be another war."

"Not even against France?" his wife asked.

"French people have their national pride — we are rewelding ours. If they will admit our right to be a free nation, there is no reason why two proud nations, like two proud families, should not be able to live side by side. We want nothing that they have. We are not 'seeking our place in the sun.' We ask only a little of its light!"

It was growing late and I could see that Frau von Schmidt was tired. I rose to go, although the old General would have detained me. "There are still three albums of photographs which you have not seen. Well, perhaps another time. . . ."

As I reached the door he stopped me. "You asked a question at supper which I did not answer. You understand, it recalled such painful memories — that last morning at the front, when the news of the Armistice reached us. Well," he hesitated, "I went to my men and told them the news. Then, although we were retiring in defeat, I gave them the order that weary Germany needs today — 'Soldiers, forward march!'"

II

HERR KNOBLAUCH and his wife called unexpectedly one night at the home of a Berlin merchant where I had dropped in for a late supper. They entered very enthusiastically, having come directly from a Hitler mass-meeting at the Sports Palast, and they were bubbling over with the after effects.

"Such a crowd; such a crowd," Herr Knoblauch began. "Twenty thousand people! The cheering when he appeared! He spoke for two hours — I could have listened for two days. Every time I hear him I am all the more convinced that he alone can save us."

"Adolf Hitler is our only salvation," his wife agreed.

Knoblauch was a slightly built chap of thirty. He wore one of those suits of clothes which seem to delight the middle class in Berlin, and which look to the foreigner as if the cloth had been struck by a particularly jagged bolt of purple lightning and cut by a uniquely absent-minded tailor. His wife was a very plain blonde with a luxuriant but lifeless crown of braided hair. In the presence of her husband she said little, and spoke only in undertones. Her whole attitude resembled that of the lady who wrote for advice about a wayward husband to one of the "heart problem" columns in a Berlin newspaper, and began her letter saying, "*Mein Mann ist mein Gott!*"

"Tonight Hitler said —" Knoblauch began to quote paragraph after paragraph from what must have been an unusually successful speech. ". . . then listen to this —

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he said that the Jews are nothing but an ignorant and barbaric people, the abomination of the race of men. They are like lice infesting the bodies of strong men that eventually weaken and corrupt them by their unending blood-sucking."

"Yes, Heinrich," his wife agreed, "and he said . . ."

My host was not interested in politics or in anti-Semitism, and he tried to change the subject, but without success. Knoblauch continued to quote the speech, unconsciously mimicking the gestures and the intonation of the speaker. His wife sat at the other side of the table, next to our hostess, smiling, happy and proud.

My first impression had been that Knoblauch resented the presence of a foreigner, but suddenly he turned to me. "You aren't Jewish?" he asked. "Your name in German is 'Weiss,' isn't it? The chief of the Berlin police force has that name and he is a Jew — that's why I asked. You have nothing in America like the Hitler movement? Of course, in America, you have no one dominant racial strain as we Nordic Germans have. But such a movement is the only defense against the greediness of the Jews and the anarchy of communism. Communism is all Jewish — look at Karl Marx, and Trotsky, and Lenin — "

"But Lenin was a Russian," I objected.

"By birth, perhaps, but he lived with Jews so long abroad that he acquired a Jewish psychology, and that's the same thing," the little man said triumphantly. His wife nodded her agreement.

My host seemed to feel that if the conversation were going to stay on politics he would talk about something in which every one was interested. "Did you see the new emergency decree this morning ordering an increase in taxes?" he asked.

"And you still support the Republic that issues those decrees!" Knoblauch replied. "How can any man carry on his business and accumulate even a little wealth under the ruinous system of taxation which we now have? Ten to fifty per cent income tax on any salary over one hundred and twenty-five marks a month ($32.50), one per cent for 'crisis tax,' one per cent for a tax to support the churches — "

"But our churches could not keep open without that," his wife said. "It's hard enough now for the pastors. You know that Pastor Dorn had to give up his automobile, although his is a very wealthy parish — "

"Yes, but people can avoid that tax by registering at the tax office as unbelievers," Knoblauch insisted. "Everybody — or nobody — should be forced to pay it."

"But people who don't pay it can not have their children baptized!" Frau Knoblauch said, shocked.

"At least, they avoid paying the church tax!"

For a moment interest was focused on the plates of *blutwurst*, *bockwurst*, *bratwurst*, *mettwurst*, *liverwurst*, *Thuringia wurst* and *zervelatwurst*, and on the bowls of potato salad, red cabbage cole-slaw and sliced tomatoes which covered the table. A half-dozen varieties of cheese completed the "simple" meal. There was a

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copious supply of beer brought in a cannister from a nearby saloon.

"At least this Republic will soon run out of new ways to raise money," Knoblauch said. "Now we have a thirty-five per cent tax on beer, taxes on cigarettes, on matches and even on rents. And all of it to be paid as tribute — tribute to the French or to the Jews."

"The world wide economic crisis might have something to do with it," my host suggested.

"It is the selfishness of the French and the greed of the Jews that caused the crisis," Knoblauch replied.

"That's what Adolf Hitler said, too," his wife added.

"The French dictated the 'slave treaty' which started our trouble, and the Jewish control of the banks at home completed it," Knoblauch explained. "The German people do not realize what control the Jews have — the truth is published only in the Hitler newspapers. The largest newspaper publishers in Germany are Jews, Mosse with the *Tageblatt*, and Ullstein. They hate Hitler more than they hate the communists — that's a proof of the kind of loyalty they feel to Germany! The Jewish fungus grows everywhere. Who owns the large department stores in this city?"

He turned to me, "It was one of your American Jews who dared to film *All Quiet on the Western Front*, that insult to German bravery. The Jews are always out for what they can get for themselves, even if it means sacrificing national pride, or even a nation itself. In my business, making cutlery, the Jew predominates. And their banks dictate to me whenever I need credit. How can any one become wealthy, having to support that breed of parasites?"

"You may think that it is the Jews that keep you from growing wealthy," interrupted my host, "but I don't see what you are going to do about it. It's one thing to talk and another thing to think out a plan of action. Did you hear about the man who went into a store and asked for a 'Hitler herring'?"

"I never heard of such a thing," said Knoblauch.

"That's just what the storekeeper said, too. Then the customer explained that a 'Hitler herring' was a Bismarck herring without any head!"

"Remarks like that are almost blasphemy," Knoblauch replied, a trifle angered. "We do know what to do. We will deprive the Jews of all citizenship rights. We will take over all the banks and control interest rates. Just think how I could run my business if I knew I could borrow money without having to worry about paying exorbitant interest. I believe that a man has a right to grow as wealthy as he can, so long as he is honest. The great wrong in our society today is interest-servitude! We shall abolish it. Then the whole German people, struggling with mortgages and obligations held by Jewish bankers, will prosper. That is what Hitler means when he says, 'Germany, awake!'"

THE maid cleared away the remnants of sausages and cheese and set a large round *pflaumkuchen* — a plum cake — in the centre of the table. By its side she put a bowl of whipped cream.

"Money, after all, is anything

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that the Government chooses to declare as money," said Knoblauch, heaping whipped cream atop a piece of cake. "Under Hitler the Government will issue coupons which will serve as money. They will be acceptable anywhere inside Germany. Thus we shall have no need to issue interest bearing State bonds, and we shall be free from servitude to gold! We are trying out such a system in some towns at present, in Rendsburg, in Holstein, for example."

"How does it work?" I asked.

"Well, we are having difficulty because the Ministry of Finance opposes us. But we shall soon sweep that gang away."

"Aren't such systems a form of inflation?" I inquired.

He hesitated for a moment, then replied, "Inflation will do us good — that is, controlled inflation. Some inflation is what we need. It will raise prices, put more money into circulation, and increase our foreign trade. It would, for example, help my own business tremendously. At present I find it difficult to compete with British manufacturers. With some inflation we can undersell the world!"

"That's what my brother-in-law, in Bavaria, says too," Frau Knoblauch added. "He makes toys."

"How will you carry on business relations with the rest of the world if you have your own currency as you describe it?" I asked.

"We will pay for foreign goods in gold," Knoblauch explained. "But we shan't buy much abroad. We are going to make Germany a closed economic unit, an 'autarchy'! We will come in contact with outside lands only in selling them goods. Today, for example, we import every year nearly a half billion dollars' worth of foodstuffs — we, with twelve million acres of untilled land that could be used to raise food."

"Some of that is swamp land, isn't it?" my host asked.

"Yes, but we will reclaim that. We will take our unemployed from the cities, put them on the land, grow food — and thereby make ourselves all the more independent!"

"How are you going to sell German products to other lands if you don't buy their agricultural produce from them?" my host inquired.

"We always have sold things abroad, haven't we? Excellence of German production is the best argument. My own factory turns out better stuff than the English factories, yet, at the present time, with England on an inflation basis, I can't compete. But Germany will awaken! Hitler will come to power yet. Old man Hindenburg can not live forever!"

In the meantime Frau Knoblauch and our hostess had dropped out of the conversation and were discussing household problems.

"The idea of any servant asking that money!" I overheard Frau Knoblauch say. "Doesn't she know that there is a crisis? I dismissed her and now I have a new girl for three marks less per month — and she works two hours more per day!"

Their conversation turned to the Knoblauch neighbors. "A former captain in the army, his wife, and his wife's parents. Such pride as they have! They scarcely speak to us — we're only tradesmen, bour-

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geoisie! The captain likes people to call him 'Captain' but I always make a point of calling him 'Herr.' He gets a pension and his father-in-law gets one too. Between them they must have seven or eight hundred marks a month. Yet you see War cripples, who had the misfortune to be only privates, begging on the streets while these former officers live in comfort!"

"His wife is always talking about the estates they used to have in Pomerania," Frau Knoblauch added.

"The difficulty is that they are Hitlerites too," Knoblauch continued. "I think they're expecting soft jobs when Hitler comes to power. They're wrong if they think Adolf Hitler is going to surrender his movement to these old stiff-necked officers. After all, Hitler was only a common soldier in the War, and he suffered just as much from the arrogance of this caste as any one — "

It seemed, fortunately, that there was no more food to follow. It was growing late and I asked my host the best way to get back to the centre of Berlin. Herr Knoblauch interrupted and offered to take me back in his car. "It's right on our way," he said. "You'll have to sit in the rumble seat, but you can see how much more comfortable German automobiles are than American ones."

In ten minutes we were driving down the street, quiet and deserted on this winter night. Where I was sitting I could hear wisps of conversation, from inside the car, about the mass meeting at the Sports Palast.

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The Slump in Letters

By C. Hartley Grattan

It is stated that politics, economics, science and even internal decay are reducing literature to an avocation, but there is another side to the argument

In this essay I should like to gather together certain facts and opinions that go to illustrate the conviction that literature is on the decline and that the place of the writer in society must be radically redefined if he is to survive at all. Of course this conviction has gained force in many earlier periods. Writers have been in difficulties before. But literary theorists are not prepared today to admit that just around the corner there is an era of compromise and prosperity during which the artist will recover his former balance. They are now maintaining that certain forces have been let loose in society which have brought about a catastrophic crisis from which there is little prospect that the literary man will escape alive. The conviction is abroad that something more disturbing than a mere revolution in taste is this time upon us.

The destructive forces are alleged to stem from various levels of the general cultural complex. Political, economic and scientific reasons are advanced in explanation. It is argued that the coming of democracy in the late Eighteenth Century, with its emphasis on universal education, marked the first step in the fall of the writer. Instead of strengthening his position by broadening his potential audience, universal education is alleged to have weakened him by opening the door to the wide diffusion of mediocre art and worse and so leading inevitably to the debasement of taste. The literary artist, preoccupied with more special and personal problems has never found it possible to redefine his art, which was for many centuries identified with aristocracy, on a democratic basis. True, certain writers, like Charles Dickens, have succeeded in striking a line which may be called bourgeois or middle class and at the same time appealing to all classes. But it is notable that fiction writers like Dickens and poets like Longfellow have always been severely criticized by the less adaptable critics — though often allegedly æsthetic reasons for renouncing them have obscured the social nature of the bias.

The number of truly democratic writers of quality has been infinitesimal. Early in the present century Edward Garnett found that the most

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democratic writer in the British Empire was not resident at the centre of the Empire, but at the periphery, where tradition was relatively weak. The writer was Henry Lawson of Australia. But in spite of sporadic adaptations, the writing profession has remained surprisingly aristocratic in its literary outlook, however it might define its politics. It is, as a profession, rather anti-democratic, and certainly, as is obvious to any fairly observant person, anti-proletarian. In late years the contrast has become comic, as in the celebrated case of Bernard Shaw whose politico-economic outlook has long been proletarian in emphasis, but whose literary activities have small appeal to the proletariat. In fact, early in his career Shaw found that it was impossible to make fruitful contacts with the working classes and deliberately concentrated his propaganda appeals on the middle classes! From such circumstances many theorists have concluded that literature is by its very nature anti-democratic and that it can never be otherwise. With the extension of popular education to the masses and the emergence of the proletarians as the group which will eventually take control of society, it is argued that it will disappear because high art has never been made to mean anything to the proletariat. The triumph of the middle class in the politico-economic sphere in the middle of the Eighteenth Century began the process of disintegration; popular education and universal suffrage continued it; proletarianism will complete it.

Since politics is but the expression of economic forces in the sphere of government, the argument for the disappearance of literature on economic grounds goes over much the same points as the preceding rationalization. The writer long ago attached himself to the aristocracy, originally because that class was able to support him. It was in sole possession of the social surplus. With the rise of the middle class and the subsequent radical redistribution of wealth as a result of the industrial revolution, the position of the writer became difficult. The social surplus was still available, to be sure; in fact, as the technique of exploiting human beings developed, it was much larger than formerly; but it was used up in various types of pecuniary display — baldly, in riotous living — when it was not immediately reinvested in business.

Slow in adapting himself as always, the writer was never able to attach himself to the middle class as closely as he had identified himself with the aristocracy. Instead he was forced to accept a new source of economic support: he came to live not by direct subvention or patronage, but by the profits from his products, which were marketed after the fashion of all other commodities. If he conformed either because of conviction or through canny calculation to the middle class prejudices, he did very well under this system. But the writer who had produced work that was not *commercially* successful was in a very bad situation. And it was soon discovered that what was judged the best art by competent critics was far from being the most profitable in the open market. In truth, the reverse was nearer actuality. We have here, in fact, the economic rebound of the situation mentioned

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above: the vitiation of taste as a result of the politico-educational programme of democracy.

Confronted with this difficulty, the literary artist who has failed of commercial success has found several ways out. In certain happy cases he has lived on inherited wealth. He has engaged for many years or all his life in non-artistic occupations and written in his spare time. He has foregone æsthetic for material success and fitted his product to the market demand. Or he has slowly starved himself to death, physically or æsthetically or both, in an effort to keep afloat. With the rise of the proletariat, it is argued, the social surplus, from which the artist extracted enough on which to live under the middle-class régime only with difficulty, will disappear. The new system of wealth distribution will not allow the accumulation of a free surplus for any other than obviously social purposes. These purposes are to be, it seems apparent, largely in the material realm. The value of literature, it is felt, will not be obvious to the practical men who will undoubtedly gain the positions of power. Support of the literary artist is therefore not to be expected. He will quietly disappear.

Approaching the matter from a third and for our purposes the final angle, we find it being argued that science is destroying the traditional field of literary activity. Since the days of Francis Bacon, science has been steadily pressing on to new conquests. It has, during all these years, steadily narrowed the field of literature. Literary men have vaguely realized this fact and their realization is reflected in the progressive restriction of the field of poetry in the definitions advanced by critics and creators. Within the last fifty years this process has been accelerated by the rise of sociology and psychology. These sciences, as they progress, make sillier and sillier the dogmatic pretentions of literary men, for they deal in a much more accurate manner than is open to artists with the nature of man and of society, the traditional fields of literature. It is silly for a poet to pass off his personal divagations as psychological truths if they are in contradiction to the findings of scientific psychologists. It is childish for a novelist to try to palm off his views of society if they contradict the conclusions of sociologists. And even if it be argued in rebuttal that at the present moment in the history of these sciences such conduct is not at all idle, still it is perfectly apparent that as the sciences progress the foolish wilfulness of the literary artist will become increasingly obvious until he is forced off the stage in a final blaze (or blare) of silliness. He will not even be privileged to stand in the wings. He will disappear altogether.

II

Confronted with these sweeping arguments and with a host of minor, derivative arguments, such as the displacement of literature in its traditional printed form by mechanical inventions like the radio which offer more direct means of communication, it is apparent that the writer is not without his reasons for being pessimistic. His katzenjammer is more harrowing at the present moment simply because, being to a very great extent a worker in

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a luxury industry, he feels the effects of depression most acutely. But his temporary depression is as nothing in the face of the historical arguments predicting his demise. Let us turn from these last and examine certain facts of contemporary record which appear to sustain them and then let us cite some predictions about the disappearance of specific literary forms.

It is altogether natural that the situation should be much more acute in Europe where the forces working toward destruction have gone further than in America. It is notable, however, that the European writers have not showed themselves any more able, with greater and more decisive provocation, to resolve the dilemmas facing all than the Americans. Mayhap there is an emotion they share in common that corresponds to the intellectualized position of Oswald Spengler: they may feel themselves in the grip of forces quite beyond their poor powers to stem or redirect. Whatever the reason, they are face to face with the situation and can recommend no better solution than charity.

The two most important facets of the situation are economic distress and artistic disintegration. The matter is further complicated in a country as far along on the road to social shambles as Germany by the virulence of political and economic passions. Ernst Toller is reported as saying that suppression is becoming exceedingly common in Germany. Furthermore, writers are, as never before, taking sides in politics and letting political necessities dictate æsthetic judgments. Radical writers are excluded from authors' societies, not for æsthetic reasons, but for politico-economic reasons. Perhaps the time will come, even in America, when only Republicans and Democrats will be allowed to be candidates for the Pulitzer Prize, instead of merely the æsthetically conservative writers as now!

The fact that the situation has not become acute in America as yet should not be taken as evidence that it is not present. For one thing, the so-called free-lance writer has all but disappeared in this country and the survivors are being inexorably driven from their positions daily. H. L. Mencken issued a ukase some time ago about the effects of the depression on writing and publishing. He argued that they would be salutary since the lack of free money would drive incompetent writers from the field. Mayhap that will happen, but it is extremely doubtful that all the victims of the difficulties will be bad writers or, conversely, that all who survive will be good writers. As suggested above, literary merit and economic reward under the bourgeois system of artistic subvention have never corresponded. So a much more accurate version of the effects of the depression would read as follows: some bad writers will be driven out of the profession; some good writers will be driven out of the profession; many writers of both classes will solve the problem by taking jobs of one kind or another if they can find them; and the survivors in the free-lance category will be old writers living on past earnings largely, or new writers who have the good luck to write a profitable best-seller. A good deal of the work formerly open to free-lance writers, like book re-

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viewing, will be taken over by workers in publishing houses, college teachers, and other persons whose incomes need supplementing. The bulk of it will be done by staff writers on newspapers and periodicals.

What this means is very clear. "The only solution," writes a French critic, Leon Lemonnier, "is for imaginative literature, as is already the case with poetry, to cease to be a profession and become an avocation." This may be extended to cover all kinds of writing of æsthetic implications. But this appears to me a way of reluctantly admitting that literature is on its way to extinction. For no satisfactory argument has ever been evolved to justify the reduction of literary work to the status of a part-time occupation. If literature is one of the most striking and valuable expressions of the human mind, why should not its devotees, whose competence has been proven, be permitted to give all their time to it? If literature is to be merely an avocation, how can it claim any higher position in any scale of values than, say, amateur gardening, dancing, ping pong or bridge?

III

IT NATURALLY follows from this pessimistic review of the general prospect of literature, that there should be numerous statements about the imminent decline of specific literary forms. Of course every student of literary history knows that certain forms have flourished in certain periods, while others have not. That is a familiar phenomenon of history. Excessive use would seem to enervate a literary form just as excessive use enervates a muscle when carried beyond a certain point. And to change the figure, literary forms seem to need periods in which to lie fallow, like a farmer's fields. But as far as my knowledge extends, there has never been a time when the absolute disappearance of certain forms has been predicted by serious students of literature. The situation has reached the point where only the most febrile and futile of literary exhorters rise in their pulpits to demand that this form or that form be revived. The solider critics thank whatever gods may be that certain forms have some vitality and feel free to state, with lugubrious emphasis, that certain of the more traditional are doomed.

I have assembled, for this place, predictions about poetry, the novel, the drama and literary criticism. The authors are all men of conceded authority. They are all, by strict definition, literary men and in their statements there can be discovered no such bias against literature as dictated the observations of Lombroso when he tried to prove that the principal writers of his time were degenerates.

Let us lead off with poetry. Edmund Wilson has written: ". . . for some reason or other, verse as a technique of literary expression, is being abandoned by humanity altogether."

Next, the novel. Max Eastman has summarized his examination of current discussions of this form as follows: "The novel is at a dead end, whether it be written by Upton Sinclair as a medium of propagating a variety of truth or by Virginia Woolf as an æsthetic entity, complete in itself, and as baffling as *Orlando* or *The Waves*."

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Third, the drama. Houston Peterson has stated: "Drama has traditionally served to portray a more or less clear-cut conflict between individuals, values or forces; but when a single personality is seen as utterly diverse, an ordinary 'dramatic' conflict appears simple and misleading." Furthermore, Joseph Wood Krutch has asserted that tragedy is dead: "The death of tragedy is . . . one of those emotional fatalities as the result of which the human as distinguished from the natural world grows more and more a desert."

Lastly, criticism. T. S. Eliot wonders "whether there is still any justification for literary criticism at all, or whether we should not merely allow the subject to be absorbed gently into exacter sciences."

Taken together these opinions form a pretty comprehensive denial of the vitality of literature. They would seem to justify all those who do not have a vested or financial interest in the survival of the art in crying, bluntly or euphemistically, "To hell with literature!" and so resigning to extinction what in previous ages has been one of the most characteristic expressions of the human mind.

IV

THE average literary man does not take the time to analyze his position in this era of social change. The problem is more truly relevant to criticism than creation, but most critics, sad to relate, fritter away their time on incidental debates. Occasionally one writes something that gives us a sense of the fact that he is obscurely haunted by the knowledge that his position is precarious. For instance, Gorham B. Munson in a recent book review remarked on "the crying problem of the serious writer, which is to find a public thoughtful and influential." But nothing that he has written previously or since lets us know that he has the slightest suspicion of where that public has gone. It has gone, as any student of contemporary book and magazine production could tell him, to the writers who deal with scientific and social information: Jeans, Eddington, Russell, Dewey, Chase, Beard, the anonymous communists — even to Adams, Lippmann and Davis. These men and not the literary critics have the ear of the public because they are saying things that have relevancy in the contemporary world. They are, in their various ways, prepared to deal with the problems of the period in a professional manner. But what has a writer like Gorham B. Munson to say to the public? Or Kenneth Burke with his plea for a revival of rhetoric? Or Allen Tate with his determined campaign to push literature up the social anabranch of agrarianism? Have these men any answer to the problems posed by our political, scientific and economic difficulties even in so far as they effect writers? Is not their best solution of these difficulties hostility to the forces creating them? In truth, they are keeping literature out of the main-stream of public interests.

But even if the literary man should make the effort to deal with social problems, his lack of technical competence will be sadly obvious in most cases. Only rarely will he also be a social critic of insight and power. Consequently, I feel that his

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immediate future under bourgeois, capitalistic democracy will be exceedingly hard and will only be made endurable by participation in such periodical and largely fictitious periods of prosperity as may be drummed up. He will survive largely as a tolerated parasite by attaching himself permanently (instead of temporarily as in the past) to educational institutions, newspapers, periodicals and other organizations for the distribution of information that may offer him a berth. But that he will be able to live on literature as such seems very doubtful.

Only a very small minority of writers will be able, in the future, to accept and support, or even ignore as irrelevant, the sort of society that we can expect under middle class leadership. They will, if present indications are of any value, be hostile to it in various degrees and therefore utter fools if they expect much conscious provision to be made for them in the distribution of the social income, unless they serve functions traditionally recognized as warranting at least minimal rewards. For our middle class leaders have never in all the years of their power given much indication of interest in literature to the extent of defining its place in the social scheme. It is highly unlikely that they will work out such a delicate problem in the times of difficulty with which they are faced. Writers will have to live "by hook and by crook" supplementing as best they can the little that comes to them from their books, a source of income which is rapidly drying up because of the increasing impoverishment of the "white collar" and professional classes. Consider the increasing number of British writers who are eking out their incomes by journalism. "I have had to resort to journalism in the Hearst papers to save the situation more than once," writes Bernard Shaw, the wealthiest of the group. A man of such tremendous reputation as Aldous Huxley has followed the same path. In such a situation those writers will best succeed who become frankly commercial and justify themselves and their products in the same terms as soapmakers and soap.

If I seem to speak with rather unwarranted cynicism, it is because I am convinced that literature under middle class capitalism is bound to become increasingly cynical and futilitarian if it is grounded in the ideology, or rather lack of ideology, implicit in that economic system. It is only through a recovery of a new social conviction that our literary men can hope to function at the top of their bent. They must once more regain the feeling that the society under which they are living is one based on right and justice and that living *means something important.* Present-day society seems to me to have been subjected to such extensive and devastating criticism — even certain of the leaders have made admissions about its inadequacy which are destructive of loyalty — that it is impossible to imagine it once more engaging the complete allegiance of minds that have taken these criticisms to heart. It is, therefore, with no sense of giving my allegiance to communism that I point to the Soviet Union as an example of what happens when such a conviction is gained.

I think it is fairly good literary

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history to say that the Russian literary men, as a class, did not follow the lead of Tolstoy in the final years of czarism. Rather they went the way of Chekhov, Merejkowski and Andreyev — to enervation, decoration and hysterical violence. Maxim Gorky took the right road and stands now, in the eyes of the Western world, as the greatest living Russian literary man. Is it a mere accident that this is so? Is it a mere accident of irrelevant circumstances that Russia is today a seething volcano of literary activity while American writers languish and idly write amiable futilities? I think not. The strength of the Russians obviously lies in the belief that they are engaged in constructive work, which ratifies Goethe's conclusion in *Faust*. Their world has gained stability on that basis. It is the imperative from which all their subsidiary attitudes derive. From it they have evolved an ethics and an æsthetics: an ethics which demands that nothing be done which will interfere with constructive work; an æsthetics which judges artists first by their loyalty to construction. This is a philosophy of action. It is applied with what strikes us, used to easier and more insouciant application of standards, as a vicious forthrightness and a singular disregard for subtler and as significant values. But this will pass when the society they are creating is more stable and there is once more time for contemplation. Meanwhile the disinterested mind, or better the type of mind that "plays with ideas" (a very useful type) languishes and disappears. The hardier types survive, nay, they thrive. And they do not do so by callowly writing gross propaganda. "We Soviet artists, compelled by nobody," writes Serge Eisenstein, "make it our duty and our greatest ambition to handle in the arts and to express in our pictures the problems, subjects and themes which are important and vital to the growth and development of our republic of workers and peasants. We do this of our own free will and *out of our convictions and opinions*." (My italics.) For the Russian writers have recovered that sense of importance, of purpose, of conviction (or however you choose to express it) which stimulates them to intensive activity. Any such psychological drive is lacking in the average American artist today. Its recovery is urgently necessary if important art is to be produced in this country.

It is my conviction, therefore, that the *leaders* in literature, in this country and Europe, will turn more and more to social preoccupations. They may or may not give allegiance to some particular form of social reconstruction. At least that allegiance may not be plainly apparent from their works. Some of the more deeply angered will show a rage for destruction, indeed. But all will be preoccupied with the problems posed by a decaying society, and sometimes with the coming to birth of a better one. Just precisely at the time when the seeming staleness of the *content* of literature had so exhausted the patience of the experimentalists that they abandoned it to concentrate on problems of technique, events conspired to release such pressing social dilemmas that a revival of literature in which content is of primary importance — a content of sociological

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import, indeed — became imperatively necessary.

Such a revival does not mean that the discoveries of the experimentalist will be blithely tossed into limbo. They will, so far as they are valuable, be incorporated into the new social literature. This is also not to say that writers who continue to function in modes made traditional by recent or ancient practice will not be of importance. They will continue to engage the attention of all who find anything of importance in books. But instead of laying down the proposition that the leaders of American literature in the immediate future will be Evelyn Scott, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner, it will involve proclaiming men like John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson and Michael Gold as the leaders. It will involve, if Dreiser's present private concerns find reflection in his fiction, the reacknowledgment of Theodore Dreiser's importance in the history of our literature. A man like Faulkner, about whom so much is being written these days, will appear significant from this point of view because he shows what happens when a powerful imagination undertakes to wrestle with the materials presented by a diseased society. His importance to a diagnostician who is trying to understand America through its fiction will be inestimable.

By identifying himself with the cause of social justice, the writer may be on his way to a solution of the problems which he has so long ignored, posed by the coming of a literate democracy and proletarianism. This tack does not promise to solve the problem posed by the triumphs of science, however. But since this last is at present the least acute of the three, he may be forgiven for a temporary remissness in this respect, if he really does contribute to the coming of a world order in which literature is something more than futile by-play. Having reestablished his importance, he will be able to face future difficulties with the certainty that his struggles to place himself in an unassailable position will be followed with sympathetic attention by his fellow men.

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Short Selling Loses Caste

By J. George Frederick

The classic economic defenses for the practice are all down

After indecision and delay and considerable thunder in the index, the Senate is now deep in an investigation of speculation, particularly stressing an attack upon the good name and practice of short selling of stocks and commodities.

Thus once again, as so many times in past centuries, will the singed cat claw at the Exchanges which singed her, and once again will the economic virtues of the hussy, short selling, be cynically examined, doubted and tested. The hussy has been arrested and indicted by law at least a score of times in half a dozen countries since medieval days, but somehow has always managed to have her economic purity and innocence proclaimed anew. The Dutch in 1610, the English in 1697, Prussia in 1836, and ourselves in 1864 made abortive efforts by law to proclaim that short selling was not all that she should be, but in most cases it all had to be taken back: the lady's character was re-whitewashed, and she went back to ply her trade more industriously than ever. No less than Napoleon himself fumed and raged over her, calling any one who sold short the securities of France a traitor to his country; but he was persuaded not to cast the stone.

Obviously two strong forces have lined themselves on the side of short selling when her good name has been threatened. First, the powerful financial and trading interests who made commissions out of the extensive business of speculation in commodities and securities, and second the classical school of economists who have dutifully translated the *status quo* of trading practice into imposing "principles" and "laws." The long period of relative economic stability in Europe until recent times has helped root these laws and principles into text books and orthodox economics, until even astute jurists have accepted them. The present-day bulwark of the friends of virtually unrestricted short selling are thus no less than Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Charles E. Hughes and former Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Hughes did not object to the report of a commission in 1909 (headed by a banker) which "did not think it wrong to sell something one does not now possess but expects to obtain later." Justice Holmes in 1905 opined that its

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"value was well known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes," and "recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand." He was not for prohibition of short selling.

But today few are naïve enough to desire to prohibit short selling (of further prohibitions, America says, may the Lord deliver us!). Stoning the hussy to death is not now regarded as of any social value. What has emerged in this more skeptical, insistent and statistical era, is closer inspection of the hitherto well-protected jade — and resulting fairly conclusive evidence that most of her flaunted economic virtues are mythical. Her beneficent ministrations to the market can not be demonstrated, and the outstanding illusions about her which have clung all these centuries, despite periodic efforts to throw them off, are now seen to be nothing but clichés and phrases. What is more to the point, she has been caught fairly red-handed, in demonstration of the precise opposite of virtue; she has been found to be a costly, predatory and almost fatal weight upon the chest of values when they are helplessly down; indeed, is seen callously to drive them farther downward against all reason and economic safety. All this in the sacred, protected name of a "free market," which is only another version of the now outdated "rugged individualism" and jungle economics, the entrenched nature of which a quarter of a century ago doubtless affected the thinking at that time of Hughes and Holmes, now so liberal.

Three definite assumptions were held by classicists about short selling. First, that it cushioned the undue fall of prices because the man who had sold short must buy. Second, that it checked the undue soaring of prices, because the more pessimistic short seller interposed his selling while others were so eager to buy. Third, that it steadied and stabilized the market because the short seller was there to speculate whenever the market moved to unreasonable levels in either direction. We need not speak of the argument about the virtue of short selling for the hedging or insuring process, which is admitted.

What are the facts as developed in this most drastic and crucible-like of depressions; and as disclosed in the first statistics on short selling ever released by the New York Stock Exchange?

IN THE first place, we must note a very decided change in the general situation and the public point of view. The stock market is now vastly larger and more closely linked with the public, due to a tremendous increase in the number of share-owners and traders. Around the time of the 1907 panic period, it is unlikely that there were more than half a million — possibly only 300,000 — share-owners and traders, whereas today they number at least ten million, with some plausibility to an estimate of fifteen. The daily average of shares traded in was then well under a million, whereas during 1929 it went very close to four millions, receding during 1931 to nearly half. The fact is obvious that the far greater number of ordinary citizens (instead of wealthy men and pro-

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fessional market operators) who now use the Stock Exchange for investment, or investment-speculation purposes, places a new character upon that institution and its trading methods and regulations. It is no longer a technical market-making process among sophisticated equals and professionals whose speculative bear-bull duels are well matched. The Stock Exchange is today *the ordinary man's investment market-place* instead of a speculative dueling ground for trained operators and men of wealth. For this reason the regulations of the Exchange must conform to the modern principles of investor protection and public welfare, instead of permitting *caveat emptor* to be the rule. When this is not done the public has recourse (like China) to the negative defense of hostile agitation, boycott, panic psychology and hoarding. These are in effect today, as a result of the failure of the forces and regulations supposed to hold the market from falling prey to predatory action and violent falsification of market values.

Short selling, according to the "schoolroom economists" and the financial sponsors of speculation, has virtue to meet precisely this condition. When it has failed to demonstrate this virtue in the past there were not enough people hurt to make a really formidable public opinion, but this is not the case today. Far-reaching rumblings have indicated that short selling in a depression is not this time to escape, and even the Stock Exchange has made considerable response to these rumblings. It is a unique spectacle to hear the president of the Exchange arguing the virtue of short selling in the talkies of the land; also at last providing short selling figures and making a few minor restrictive regulations. In the future the public welfare must be much more definitely protected with Stock Exchange rules.

In the second place, is almost complete failure by short selling to act as a "cushion" for undue falling of prices? The reputed "economic bears" have simply not been "economic" at all. On the contrary, the bears have evidently regarded their sole function to be to drive *normal* liquidation into *abnormal* liquidation — to a point where many stocks sold (and are still selling) at below the replacement value of plant and equipment of solid, going concerns. The big bear "*putsch*" did not start — as it should have done to be genuinely "economic" — in the middle of 1929, when inflation was great and definite. It began in the middle of 1930, after values had been well deflated by at least three major downward turns. This is in line with a realistic view of what bears have always done. They have rarely, if ever, worked up a large short interest at a time of real inflation, but have waited until a considerable period after the crash — when the opportunity for economic short selling was well over — but when profitable opportunity to play the ghoul in a disaster was unmistakable. Thus there existed so microscopically little short interest when the break came in 1929 that prices tumbled sometimes five points at a time — the market being without any of its "academic" cushions, as naïvely taught in classrooms. There were no such cushions even in the 1873 panic.

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The New York *Tribune* at the time told how Western Union which had sold at 92 declined to 54 on "Black Friday" and was then offered at 45 — without a taker; and as the *Tribune* opined, would have been without a buyer even at 25. The Exchange was closed "to prevent utter ruin."

The bear campaign in 1930 was rolling up like a snowball by midwinter, and pressing a suffering nation down further, for no very good reason at all except ghoulish profiteering from human disaster. The public — sometimes even self-respecting stock brokers themselves — became resentful and indignant, so that public opinion finally in the spring of 1931 demanded the short selling figures from the Stock Exchange. Even the conservative editors of the *Wall Street Journal* and *Barron's* said, "What about it, Mr. Whitney?" And the editor of the *Financial World* was outspoken in condemnation, while the New York *World-Telegram* entered upon a vigorous campaign. Even the names of short sellers were demanded.

At last figures were forthcoming — not for the big bear campaign of 1930, but for the period May 25, 1931, onward; a period of considerably more cautious short selling than previously. What do these short selling figures show when compared with stock prices? Taking the Standard index figures of stock prices, there was an increase between May 25 and June 26 from 106 to 122. Did the short interest, as recorded in the Stock Exchange's figures, rise as called for by the cushion theory? It did not; on the contrary the short interest in that period declined 1,611,551 shares. During a week of steady prices the short interest declined still more; but in the five weeks that then followed, during which the stock price index dropped fourteen points, the short interest leaped into the fray, jackal-fashion, and increased 396,051 shares.

In still another period (between August 14 and September 21) the market slid downward, but the short interest kept up its level almost to the last of these days, at the conclusion of which all short selling was banned for reason of the English pound's flight from gold.

The Stock Exchange data from September 21 to November 30, 1931, give the *daily* record of short selling (but only in percentages, thus putting the task of calculation on outsiders). But when these calculations are made there is no change; one still looks in vain for a cushioning or stabilizing effect. The period between October 5 and November 9 was an exceedingly nervous one, followed by a sharp drop — but still the short interest rolled on like a care-free snowball, gathering momentum, until a kind of selling climax (or killing time for the shorts) arrived, when there was plentiful "covering." The shorts got the pitiful scalps they had waited for in ambush.

If one takes individual stocks one may note an even more conclusive record, even though there are also instances where stocks rose despite an increase of short interest, or vice versa. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock definitely rose (from 165 to 185) from May 25 to July 3 as short interest definitely declined, and then began a long decline as short interest rose from about 50,000 shares to 110,000 shares.

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During October, it is true, short interest and price both increased, but the short interest then began to soar to a final record 169,012 shares while price sank to a new low of 124.

In United States Steel there is evidence also of a rise in the latter part of May as short interest declined, but a steady decline during July and August as the short interest rose from 280,000 to 400,000 shares in that period. Price and short interest declined together during October, but once more in November the price took a particularly spectacular drop as the short interest rose rapidly. Between July 3 and September 11 the short position in Steel rose from 278,534 to 396,900 shares while price declined from 106 to 78.

In General Motors there was a rise during June as the short interest dropped from 400,000 shares to 240,000 shares. Then during August and September the short interest rose again to 400,000 while price dropped. After a period when price and short interest movements were in unison, the short interest during November rose to over 400,000 shares while price dropped to a new low. In the case of the North American Company a definite rise in price followed a rapid decline in short interest during June and July, but as the short interest was increased from about 35,000 shares to over 100,000 shares, the price sank to new lows.

I make no attempt here to deny that there have been other instances where increase of short selling coincided with increase of price; or decrease coincided with decrease. On October 6, for instance, Bethlehem Steel gained four and one-half points even though the short interest increased 2,100 shares, while the very next day the price dropped two and three-quarter points despite the fact that 5,900 shares were covered for short account out of a total of 22,900 shares in trading volume for the day. There are other instances, and the eager apologists for short selling have not failed to make some argument over them. The truth is, however, that on the zigzag chart of movements in the period between May and November, 1931, any kind of movement of a brief nature may be seen. What is important to note, however, is the longer period trends, and these are certainly quite conclusive for a remarkable number of stocks.

THE figures of ratio of short interest to total outstanding shares in particular stocks is illuminating, showing how concentrated the later short selling campaigns were. There are 8,678,435 shares of United States Steel outstanding, and early in 1932 it was calculated that the "floating supply" (amount of stock available for short selling operations) was 13.8 per cent, or about a million and a quarter shares. Yet the short interest in Steel topped over 400,000 shares. In January, 1932, bears actually sold at a premium of one-half a point, indicating both unusually heavy short selling in Steel and increasing reluctance to lend it for short selling. A bear had to pay a total of $85 for being short 100 shares of Steel *for one day!* Nearly twenty million shares of Steel were traded in during 1931 — a ratio to total outstanding stock of two and one-quarter to one. The American Telephone and Telegraph had a

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ratio of five to one, while in several instances these ratios ran amazingly high: J. I. Case Company thirty-four to one, Vanadium Corporation twenty-one to one. When three to thirty-four times the total outstanding stock of a corporation is traded during the course of a year, it can be seen to what extent speculation exists.

The concentration of short selling has been equally remarkable. Twenty-two leading stocks accounted for forty-seven per cent of the total outstanding short interest between May 25 and November 30, 1931, and this concentration increased between these two dates, even though the total volume of shares of short interest slightly declined.

In December, 1931, the Stock Exchange's second batch of figures demonstrated how the volume of short interest (not far from four million shares) during the first half of the month finally succeeded by the middle of the month in dragging down stock price index figures from 82.22 to 69.02, and once this new major break was accomplished, short selling declined to less than three million shares, but only to renew itself in January.

The complexities of financial procedure have been contributory causes to public ignorance about the predatory nature of most short selling. Short selling in commodities (for hedging and insurance) is a sound economic procedure, and this has confused popular understanding of stock speculation and dealing in grain futures. Even Hoover surprised commodity markets by condemning it, while some of his own official family stood up for it. I am not in this article dealing with *commodity* short selling, but *security* short selling, for which the legitimate uses are not nearly so wide. The device by which short selling escapes legal definition of gambling is that of "borrowed Street stock." If you buy some shares of Steel and give them to your broker as security for loans you are expected to sign a rather astonishing (and little realized) contract by means of which your broker may hypothecate and pledge it for other loans — usually for the convenience of short sellers. Thus is presented the amazing anomaly of a buyer of Steel who believes in the future of America having his identical stock used by the short seller, who is a pessimist on America, as a basis for his short selling. The short seller arranges to borrow this stock at the time he sells short, so that he will be able to "cover" his sale at his own time, meanwhile paying interest on the full value of this borrowed stock (which a *long* seller owns!). This use of "Street" or "floating supply" stock for short selling is regarded by some as unethical and by others as creating a highly artificial extra supply of stock which multiplies speculation unsoundly.

THERE being no doubt that short selling does not "sit upon the bulges" of inflation, as the economic copy-book formula calls for, what then of its value as a prop to a falling market? The copy book formula says that since bears must buy to "cover" their selling, their buying "supports" the depressed market. But again realistic truth intervenes: the bears are no help whatsoever to a depressed market. Even the friends of

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short selling have admitted that the market would not have gone lower had there been no short selling; while critics of short selling know full well that it was precisely short selling which made an artificially low and abnormal bottom, with a number of stocks selling at ten or fifteen per cent of the 1929 "top" prices.

The schoolroom economists are naturally bewildered. Why, ask those who do more than merely repeat the patter they have been taught, has not short selling cushioned the fall to bottom? The answer is the oily technique of the short seller, whose "covering" purchases are usually fed piecemeal into the depressed market so cannily on intermittent rallies, that they do not often boost prices. Thus evaporates another one of the economic school book myths. Cushioning, stabilizing and steadying the market, especially in times of inflation or deflation, are virtues which, alas, short selling is now stripped of, rather finally, as even conservative financial observers have admitted.

The hoary legal decisions, now at least a quarter of a century old, which prolonged and upheld the myth of these short selling virtues, are now in need of revision, although it is quite within the possibilities that the New York Stock Exchange will recognize the fairness and public service of sharply limiting short selling when deflation becomes general and public confidence depressed. Had such limitation been applied early in 1930, it is not at all fantastic to believe that we might be well on our way out of the depression by this time, and the unprecedented debacle in values, costing the country a great many billions of dollars, prevented, since it had no real fundamental basis.

This panic has been *a panic of intelligence*, in the first place; and *a panic of money, banking and orgiastic speculation*, in the second place. Industry itself, except in so far as part of it was aiding and abetting speculation, was not in a fundamentally unsound position. The depression is an anti-social affliction which the country has had to endure because the men at the keycontrols of money and credit were ignorant of their proper use. This much is crystal clear, and the public is taking very determined steps toward the better manning of these controls for the future. Paul M. Warburg — the only banker of size who predicted the debacle and scored the speculative orgy while it was running high — maintained to the day of his death that if the New York Stock Exchange had asked its members to cut down by an agreed percentage, within an agreed time, the volume of loans, the crash would have been averted. Conversely, a limitation upon loans for short selling, applied when the bears were fomenting their type of selling hysteria (equal and alike in all respects to the bull type of buying hysteria) would have kept the crash from sinking to the level of disaster and from bringing the very death rattle into the throat of our economic civilization: *hoarding*.

Closely allied with the myth of short selling's virtues, is that of maintaining a "free market," which is interpreted to mean a policy of virtual non-interference with predatory trading. Even the Stock Exchange itself has consented to relin-

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quish this myth, however, for it has interposed a few checks on short selling. It has affected to distinguish "bear raiding" from short selling, but this is highly ambiguous. The editor of the *Financial World* correctly characterizes it as short selling's "kid glove name." There is no known method by which a "bear raider" may of a certainty be distinguished from a short seller claiming to be selling on sincere forecasting conviction of decline. We have no longer in Wall Street spectacular bears who "raid" with all the brazen tactics of a Jim Fiske. The vast totals of trading today make all bears look middle-sized, and the most dangerous ones look small. Time was when a bear could corner the country's gold supply and shake the foundations of the Government's credit with fourteen million dollars. He was a giant bear then; he would be a mere middle-to-small bear now; but his tribe correspondingly increases during a depression, and its aggregate strength in a depression is still able to shake the country from stem to stern and reduce national wealth and income by many billions.

I AM not one of those who wish to pass laws against short selling, although I suspect that some will be passed. Senator Capper has said that he means to make his short selling investigation equal in scope and importance to the famous Pujo money investigation, credited with breaking old J. P. Morgan's spirit. I have greater respect for the intelligence of the Stock Exchange governors than to suppose that they will invite Government regulation by stubbornly refusing to apply still more effective regulations upon short selling. With New York State and Congress both converging upon it with proposed laws, it is obviously time for the Exchange to act. The new amendments to the Federal Reserve Act, drafted by Dr. H. Parker Willis and Senator Carter Glass, the very men who drafted the original splendid piece of legislation, press down very firmly upon the use of bank and private credit for speculative purposes, and one of their definite effects will be to limit short selling orgies, as they limit buying orgies.

No sound economist desires a manipulated, unfree market, but this is precisely what we have had. No one at the present moment can very well claim that the gyrations of stock prices have had any very logical relation (high or low) to soundly based values. Quite as the market value quotations were far too high in 1929, they are far too low in 1932. The market has run wild, and the classic economist's device of short selling has failed to stabilize it, largely because the "economic bears" refused to do their economic duty, since playing the predatory bear was made so much more profitable by laxity in Exchange rules and credit. Remedy these and perhaps the predatory bears will become economic bears — as they are to a far greater extent abroad, where monthly instead of daily settlements, for one thing, have struck the tools out of predatory bears' hands, and where the pressure of authority upon all trading in times of general deflation and depression is vigorously exercised. Only in America is rugged, individualistic, anti-social speculation tolerated.

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When Will Parents Grow Up?

By Marian Robb

Who believes that our much flouted colleges will eventually achieve the desired result and bring something like rapport between the generations

Perversely I am tired of one of those timeless topics which seem to hold for humanity as a whole the fascination of a snake for a bird — not *What Is the Weather Coming To?* this time but *Aren't This Year's Young People Unusual?* I am tired of hearing the whole question saddled with false emphasis, and called the problem of the younger generation when it is equally if not mainly that of the older generation. And I hold further that the controversy continues only from stupidity and not from necessity, and that most of its grounds could be wiped out at any time *if our elders would only grow up*. At present nobody believes in a way out of this hoary tug-of-war, so nobody tries very hard to call off the contest. Familiarity has other offspring than contempt, and one of them is resignation. Yet there is really nothing inevitable about this pulling apart, this refusal to coöperate which scatters unnecessary grief and heartache all around us.

When you look for the root of the conflict you are most likely to find it in the focusing of the viewpoints of two different historical periods on the same thing; whereas a 1932 situation ought surely to be construed in terms of 1932, not 1898. It is because parents have from weariness or indolence closed their eyes instead of keeping awake all their lives that each rising generation has such a weight of inertia and prejudice to shake off before the race can make any intellectual or moral headway. And such things need not be.

But how to prevent them? How work against the great claim of parents that they are older and ought to know better — their appeal to an experience of life so far inaccessible to their children, which is supposed to give them a superior insight into ethics of whatever date? Now any one who will stop even a moment to think must acknowledge that while the older generation may have piled up more experience, it was experience of the world of 1900 — hardly a skeleton key to the problems of one knit together by motor, plane, radio, television, economic insecurity and sex literature; and that anyhow no halfway alert boy or girl is going to take his slices of life otherwise than at first hand. Commodities like his

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car, his food, his gin, he may accept at face value from middlemen; but in the matter of personal adjustment to living every bright young human hails from Missouri.

Is there then no hope of a common ground of understanding, of hypothesis, apart from and beyond one's actual individual adventures; is there no way to stretch the parental imagination and bring it up to date so that it may smooth instead of roughen the path of its successors? I believe there is, and I believe it waits on our college campuses. For if it is not a disparity of age but of training that carves a chasm of misunderstanding between the generations, then the tolerance and breadth of outlook induced or at least encouraged by a college course should go far toward bridging the gap that yawns in America today. (And what gap after so long and violent a career is not entitled to a yawn?) The encouraging fact, moreover, is that this is not merely a hope but a hope in process of realization, considering the rising figures of college attendance (from 2.2 per cent of those of college age in 1880 to 17.95 per cent in 1928); and that while universal education can probably never give us a race of gentlemen and scholars as was once fondly hoped, it can at least give us a less bigoted race of fathers and mothers. At least nobody can extinguish this hope until we have two or three academic generations in the majority of families, instead of children pioneering in college as we have so generally now.

I should like at this point to bring forward some comprehensive statistics to prove that most of the parents of today's collegians never had the benefit of higher education. But none are so far available, and we must infer that this is true by the testimony of our own eyes; of the United States Office of Education report for 1928 that "less than 2.5 per cent of our adults are college graduates"; and of isolated surveys made by individual colleges — as when the University of Wisconsin in 1930 found that "there are among the freshmen more children of carpenters, of grocers, of mechanics than of bankers, more children of unskilled laborers than officials of manufacturing and mechanical industries, more children of farmers than of a combined total of bankers and brokers, physicians and surgeons, lawyers and manufacturers."

LEST the foregoing assertions be thought too glib, we may as well stop and ponder what we already know from observation of the commonest grounds of friction in families. (And here is a good place to limit our discussion to the quarrels of parents and children, since here in the sealed compartment of the family the battle of the generations reaches its most beautiful and bloodiest quintessence.) At once there rises up in every one's memory a harassed mother's complaint about the goings-on of her child in his social conduct — how she found an empty whiskey flask in Robert's room when she was cleaning, and how Mrs. Rogers dropped a remark that showed Mary Frances had been smoking in a restaurant — in public! — and she not yet out of high school. They are hard on parents, these inevitable discoveries — far harder than on the children — but

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they show conclusively that parents have been out of touch with and sometimes blind to the sort of world in which the boy's and girl's lives are unfolding. Unconsciously assuming a static society, the mother is shocked to find Robert and Mary Frances "up to" things she would never have thought of at their age; and the shock soon turns to fear for their immortal souls because she puts upon their conduct the interpretation of a period which had time for immortal souls. In 1900 no nice girl either smoked or drank, so a girl who does either thirty years later can not be nice. At the same pre-Volstead era growing boys were not supposed to go around smuggling liquor (why should they — the saloons were open?); so now to do so is a sign of imminent depravity, and both cigarette and flask are but different species of primroses on the treacherous path. Hence in a passion of solicitude Mother consigns the former to the fireplace and the latter to the garbage can — as in the old fairy-tales a well-meaning knight would sever a dragon's head only to render him bicapitate. Not long ago my neighbor at a concert answered her companion's question about a package of Luckies in her purse, "Oh no, they're not mine! Mother would burn them right up." For all one knew, Mother thought it effective enough to brighten the corner where she was, never reflecting that to do any lasting good she would have to make a grand tour of all the groceries, "drug" stores, department stores, restaurants and tobacco factories, torch in hand — in an unaccustomed sense lighting cigarettes from butts.

Now I do not think it pretty for high school boys to drink, or even for freshman co-eds to leave a trail of ashes like Hansel's pebbles; nor do I mean to justify these habits from the futility of stamping them out. I mean only that parents are never going to get anywhere by irrational and unintelligent resistance to anything they can not remember having gone in for themselves. But the reason I do not care for the penetration of sophisticated behavior down into the secondary schools is not that such conduct represents rebellion, boldness, daring on the part of the youngsters. If it did, if it were even a misguided form of individual thinking, I should think better of adolescent partying. My objection is rather that it stands for unthinking acquiescence to mass *mores* — however they arose — and that children carry on because they accept it as the thing to do, not because they really want to.

This, however, is a conclusion few parents reach. Isolated as they are in individual homes, they tend to sorrow over their children as individual cases of perversity; they have no way of realizing that they are fighting an established and widespread code — not the unconventional but the new convention. And until they do, until they substitute a grasp of how things are for a gilded memory of how things used to be, they are grappling with an unknown monster in the dark.

Also, they are most of them too ready to link up conduct with morality — morality in the old sense of a feeling of sacredness attaching to certain carefully designated traits and virtues. In the last century

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virginity up until marriage was rather a holy state — or at least a major accomplishment on which a girl was to be congratulated: this because bodily integrity was considered important in a day when a maiden's life comprised very little else of importance. But try to get a parent to see that today's collegienne may set a higher value on mental integrity and still not be headed straight for the bow-wows! For all of us who have diplomas lying around in forgotten corners know better than to believe that today's young people live entirely without principle; we know that their principles simply fasten upon different objects, while thousands and thousands of parents go on making themselves and their children miserable by failing of the mental adjustment necessary to perceive the change. No boy or girl who honestly holds it a greater thing to have life abundantly than to have self-righteousness in equal quantities can be denied his share of moral idealism.

From objecting to parties and dating, how easily Mother and Dad go on to finding fault with the boys who squire their daughters around or the girls who beguile their sons! And from thence it is but a step to opposing their marriages — despite our comfortable habit of thinking this sort of Montague-Capulet behavior but an old-fashioned device of melodrama, and forgetting that all around us parents are either engineering and smiling upon their children's unions, or resisting with all their might, for reasons not always apparent even to themselves. And this reluctance to see their progeny paired off comes hardly ever from any unfriendliness toward the honorable estate itself, but usually from the general parental caution which persuades them that son or daughter shall have nothing but the best, and that perhaps the best has not yet offered (the best, in parental estimation, consisting in a nicely-balanced combination of money, position, amiability, good looks, reliability, with a little gray matter thrown in too, if possible). It is commonly a great come-down for Father and Mother to admit the adequacy of, say, an unremarkable flesh-and-blood schoolmate as a spouse.

For all their great cry about looking at the practical considerations of matrimony, they are really suffering from a roseate delusion of the 'Nineties about the available supply of princes and princesses charming, gaily bedight with all the aforementioned qualities. This unacknowledged romanticism, it will be seen, puts them in the most strategic position possible for resisting a suitor's siege, for the absence in a candidate of any one of these endowments — pelf or prestige, conservatism or curls — is enough to form the syllable "No" on their suddenly fastidious lips. I know of at least one devoted mother who has kept her attractive daughter aloof from a network of heart entanglements for so long, simply because the boys were normally gifted and not story-book boys, that the daughter at twenty-seven is in a fair way either to maintain her standards and live a spinster's life forever, or to throw them all up and marry some one she does not love out of sheer despair. And I know another couple who

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were scandalized when their twenty-two-year-old daughter disavowed any interest in marrying, and who three years later could not bring themselves to any degree of enthusiasm when she definitely wanted to marry a youth innocent of either fame or fortune.

Two lines of opposition open here to refractory parents. They can be for marriage or agin it: they can boost a losing candidate, or they can shoo off all prospects indiscriminately, in a flurry of postponement. The first practice, though it sometimes succeeds, is merely stupid, and requires one to put deliberately out of his mind the notorious verdancy of distant fields and redness of forbidden fruits. Two high school graduates who had "gone together" already for years were sent off to different colleges by parents hopeful that they would meet others of the other sexes and so get over their early obsessions. The impulse was creditable enough, but not to mention the extra expense the youngsters went to in going to see each other, they are now happily and finally wed, and no one seems to suffer much from the arrangement.

Those on the other hand who choose to project into a conveniently far future all thought of marriage and love render themselves indictable on the two counts of forgetfulness and blindness. Does not every one know of mothers who, married themselves at twenty, are sure their twenty-five-year-old sons and daughters still require protection from the adult emotions? Gently blotting from accommodating memories the strength and reality of the sexual nature, they proceed to shut their eyes to the scarcely less pertinent fact of a changed economics. Anxious as their parents before them to see their offspring prosperously settled, they complacently take advantage of the longer training period exacted by modern industries and professions and the attendant postponement of full earning power to keep their children out of the toils of matrimony for several years. But they err most blatantly in hoping also to keep them out of the toils of sex. For every solicitous parent is at least sometimes a Joshua self-convinced that the sun has stood at rest ever since the day his little one was first laid in the cradle. To be cut off from early marriage by the social scheme is decidedly not to be cut off from observation and experimentation. It is a wise provision of society that you need not eschew window-shopping because you can not yet afford to buy.

PERHAPS the most widespread ground of parental disappointment comes in children's choice of vocations. For a son consecrated to architecture at birth to display only musical aptitudes is regarded by too many parents as a personal insult. It is, of course, too bad for them to see all their fond planning quietly effaced by the dimpled hand of a child; but it is also to be expected. Yet here again the hurt follows on the heels of a sincere desire for the child's best welfare. In Father's scheme of things it is both honorable and profitable to conduct a shoe business; and the boy who branches out into something untried in the family is taking unnecessary chances. This, at least, is the kinder light in

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which to interpret parental career-planning. In its more malignant manifestations it deserves to be branded as the selfish hope of projecting one's own personality, of using the child for the fulfilment of an unfulfilled life. Hence the tragic instances of giving a youngster an elaborate training in something to which he is not attracted. Many an untouched piano in American homes stands for the mute carcass of a parent's dream.

In the close circle of the family it is very difficult for fathers and mothers to maintain wholly neutral attitudes toward their children's leanings; and in those who do not actively abet you will find either active or passive opponents. For immediate purposes either technique is about equally effective, since the talented child must still depend on the paternal purse to further his talents by adequate early training. Yet passive lack of interest may be more permanently crippling, for a persecuted talent will usually out sooner or later. So it was when a reluctant Cellini dutifully practised the flute to please his father; and today we can read in Proust: "*Mais mon père avait fait une constant opposition à ce que je me destinasse à la carrière des lettres qu'il estimait fort inférieure à la diplomatie, lui refusant même le nom de carrière. . . .*" Then you have a mere waste of time and energy.

Now it hardly seems reasonable for a parent to grieve over a heritage mysteriously and irretrievably transmitted through his own self. Moreover, what possible difference can it make in what special department of living a child excels — so long as it is not vice or crime? Unless perhaps you can count a deviation from his elders' wishes as a puncture to their vanity.

Still another fruitful breeding-place of anachronism and discord lies between the ways of thought of the fifties and the teens. In our day it focuses mainly upon beliefs about society, whereas it used to centre in convictions about religion. It is this phenomenon which maintains in the same small family a champion of disarmament and the Russian experiment, and a crusader for the sacredness of the star-spangled banner waving over private property. To the latter the difference seems an alignment of radicalism against right thinking; for the former it appears as today versus yesterday, reality versus sentiment, actual versus spurious progress. I once heard an intrepid girl student put the direct question to a successful business man, why he had no patience with communism. "Why?" was the indignant answer. "Because it's so wrong." He still carried in his mental equipment, unscathed by the years, the arbitrary yardsticks of right and wrong. A bull-headed pair they are, as all students know to their cost — a twin heritage in most cases of the gummy atmosphere of religion which seethed about our parents in their formative years.

Nor is it only indirectly, but often in open hostility, that our elders' thoughtless habit of church-going raises its head to make an issue of how a girl or boy shall spend one supposedly free morning in seven. Surely nobody but the coercing parent is ever deceived about the spiritual efficacy of his measures; and

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when I regard such typical cases as that of a man of twenty-six, college graduate and something of a drinker about town, whose parents still insist on his teaching a Sunday School class and profess not to know that he smokes, I wonder whether even the parents really fool themselves.

Unfortunately the effect of this closed-mindedness upon the apostate child is never to weaken his advanced beliefs but to undermine instead his respect for the acumen of his seniors. Grown distrustful of their mentality if not of their sincerity, he soon gives over as futile any confidential or logical overtures — there is no sport in beginning a discussion when you know in advance that it will end flattened out against the same old stone wall — and thus is hastened the inevitable alienation which so offends your parent. "Lord knows I've tried to explain my point of view," how many collegians have I heard complain in my day, "but all you do is hurt them, so I finally just shut up and let it go at that." These young people are not calloused either; they suffer as keen a disappointment in their parents as ever parents do over a wayward child. For there is an intellectual as well as a social pride, and parents wound it by denying the birthright of mental independence, whereas what they think they are opposing is its particular manifestations, such as agnosticism and socialism.

We have seen in how many ways — i.e. in practically every vital form of expression — children by implicit obedience to the laws of development lead their elders to complain that their young are growing away from them. So they are, and so they ought: for to grow at all is to grow away from something. But tell me, do those parents who subscribe to the Bible entire, including the doctrine of optic for optic and molar for molar, ever think of meeting growth with growth in order to reduce the middle distance? They do not. They crouch like stupid runners at the starting-line, there to remain throughout the race making faces at their rivals who have selfishly gone off with the gun.

THE pertinent question now is, would your college-educated parents — those who had really got the point of college training, which is tolerance — repeat the conduct of all those fathers and mothers painted so blackly in the preceding pages? Would they be horrified at their sons' and daughters' late hours and free ways? at their incomprehensible proclivity to date and get engaged and married? at their embracing any honest career whatsoever or rejecting it for another more congenial? at their enthusiasm for currents of opinion which have claimed the highest energies of gifted minds the world over, even if it lost a disciple to the First Baptist Church? finally, at their children's growing into whatever world awaits them at the time of their maturity, naturally, as citizens thereof, without wasting precious time in recapitulating the world of their parents?

I hope not, and I believe not. In the first place they will remember the tyranny of the social world of college: they will realize that even if their conventions were different they were no less exacting; and that perhaps after all it is more important

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whether you sit and crack peanuts through a lecture than whether you date without benefit of chaperon. Your alert graduate has learned that a liberal helping of salt is a necessary condiment to most "shalts" and "shalt nots."

In the matter of marriage he will be less inclined to matchmake and more to put faith in the young people's judgment — or rather to realize how little "judgment" in the ordinary sense of cool calculation counts or ought to count in *affaires du coeur*. Certainly he should know the futility of interference. And surely he will more readily understand the position of a prominent physician in a Western city, who willingly "supports" any of his sons who wish to marry without waiting to become established, on the theory that sons of his will be only too anxious to get on their own feet.

As for vocational fulfilment, any academic parent who puts obstacles in the way of his children's inclinations is a stupid egocentric anyway and might as well never have crossed a campus.

And for ways of thought? Much as I should like to, I can not unhesitatingly aver that an A.B. after his name will inoculate a parent against sorrowing over the liberal tendencies of those he has sired and reared. This is partly because major economic and political topics change and shift so from generation to generation. Thus the limelight that used to strike facets from free silver now illuminates a round table at Geneva. Inevitably the parent, when his opinions were being formed, had his vision filled with other issues than those that occupy his sons; yet it is not enough to achieve liberalism once: you must keep it polished and ready for use — an exertion for which too many parents can not find the time. An even greater contrast is revealed when a whole department of thought comes to replace another, as economics has replaced religion; and a parent whose teens fell in the 'Nineties may have no objection to religious free-thinking, yet have to make a laborious adjustment to social heresy. The hope is, however — and decidedly a stronger hope in the case of the parent who graduated — that the broad principle of tolerance and readiness to examine without astigmatism may swallow up the smaller matter of the novelty of the subject. Moreover, realism compels the observation that college-trained parents who bridle at the mention of Stalin or Moscow probably do so for ulterior reasons independent of their college training — for instance, because the present order has been good to them, and heresy does not become a communal pillar.

And when it comes to growing away, surely the father and mother who began quite naturally to shape their own lives while they were in college will recognize a similar right for their boys and girls.

Amateur psychologists may well see in the preceding paragraphs a flagrant glorification of a wish-motive: I have hoped for better behavior from college parents, therefore I have freely attributed it to them. There are better reasons, however. For one thing graduate parents are so rare in our young country as to compel hypothesis largely to replace any sweeping assertions; for another, the few I have observed have been

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definitely more civilized in dealing with their young. Chastened by the very widespread discord between the older and younger members of middle-class families, I have come to inquire into the circumstances of any household that appears to be more happily adjusted. And what do I find? On the surface a free camaraderie, not maudlin but good-natured; behind this a mutual respect; behind this, college-trained parents.

"Yebbut," the back rows inquire after the manner of Christopher Morley's Swiss child, "how about the parents who have been through a university, yet are out of sympathy with every impulse of their young?" Unhappily there are such about — but one of two reasons will, I think, account for them. Either their souls were too small in the first place to be stretched even by college — and heaven knows that thousands slip through our academic courses every year who are incapable of deriving benefit — or they are alumni of a different kind of institution from the modern university — say a small denominational college, or one of those old-fashioned campuses where psychic expansion and freedom of thought were quietly ignored in favor of germans, football and chapel — the kind, in short, that cast the halo around college life which subsequent resentful student bodies have never been able to shake off.

No, your true reactionary parent — the one that causes all the trouble — is he who, so long as the youngsters have not yet begun to think, experiences a kinship with them which produces a false and disastrous fellow-feeling. If he had things his way this early stage would last forever. But when the child's mental activity does begin to undermine his control, he allows himself to be forced gradually into the cold — where he remains, merely baffled by what he takes for the unholy antics of some crass young strangers. What this country needs, as much as any other thing, is for its parents to grow up.

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The Forgotten Negro

By Clarence Cason

Only the aristocratic South gives him sympathy and protection, even in his intellectual and artistic aspirations

As a boy in the South, my initiation into the depravities of Republicans burst upon me when I learned that President Theodore Roosevelt had eaten dinner in the White House with Booker T. Washington as chief guest. It was during the Populist revolt in Alabama. Mr. Roosevelt packed the guns of the "white man's party" with explosives of terrific force. If any shock of comparable intensity has ever threatened the equilibrium of our town, it occurred a few years ago when a wealthy Northern family so far outraged propriety as to allow its Swedish nursemaid to fraternize with white-aproned Negro girls as they gathered in parks or on wide church steps with their infant charges.

Racial discrimination on social and economic lines presents no singular phenomenon to a civilization which has usually displayed oppressed or underprivileged classes. None but a visionary radical would have looked for immediate acceptance of the Negro on all levels occupied by established Americans both North and South. Direct racial competition in labor has proved the rule in a country of mixed populations. But Chinese coolies in California, Mexican peons in Texas, and peasants from southern Europe in the coal and steel districts, while often the objects of legal repression, have not menaced the whole structure of ordered society in those regions. In the mob savagery of lynching, brutal assaults of the Ku Klux Klan, and fierce political cries of "white supremacy," there are elements too complex to be explained merely on grounds of normal competition. The Negro in the South has been caught between the millstones of a slowly rising conflict between opposing factions of the Southern white race. The millstones were set up and securely braced in the *ante bellum* days of slavery; they reached a white heat of intensity in their movements at the end of the century; they grind today.

When I wore short trousers and was riding on Pullman cars for the first time, my principal interest, aside from the mystery of the seats transformed into beds, was to gauge the treatment accorded me by the porter. My mother had told me that the porters were always able to tell

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"nice people" at once. And almost above everything else I desired to be classified in that group. Like so many Southern people, we had been deprived for at least one generation of the economic possessions so necessary for outward respectability. Having noted with a certain tacit scorn the appearance of a moneyed class which bore no blood relationship to the plantation group demolished by the Civil War, we had found ourselves in the hazardous position of maintaining a sense of superiority on the basis of a past which grew increasingly shadowy and uncertain. Also, we had been alarmed to observe that a numerous class of unsuccessful families had begun to trace specious ancestral lines to Carolina plantations ruined by the war. These pretenders were more abhorrent to us than the shrewd newly rich.

In this quandary over our real positions the Negroes seemed to be our most reliable touchstone. For generations they had been intimately associated with our families and our familiar customs. They had belonged to our way of life. As I look back now at that small boy on the Pullman car, I am confident that his wistful discernment would furnish an accurate source picture of the complex texture of racial attitudes in the South.

There were the travelers who sought special attentions through large tips to the porter. They called the black man "George" or "Sam." It was up to him to give them what they paid for. But all his chores for these people were performed with exaggerated deftness and ungenuine courtesy. They had too many pillows, were brushed too often, had more bags for their hats than they could use. These over-attentions pleased the large tippers; they amounted to "service." But such travelers never felt a kind of personal relationship with the porter; a kinship bordering upon that of a family tie; a bond resulting from a common way of life and intertwined experiences. They were not interested in what he would probably do when he left the train, what his wife was named, how many children he had — whether he was happy.

To me, however, going to Washington or Atlanta soon after the turn of the century, the Negro porter was an object of awe and, I am sure, of tenderness. I watched with apprehension to see whether he would recognize friendliness in me. I admired his starched white coat, his immaculate blue trousers and black shoes; his strength and agility at pulling down the upper berths and his dexterity in swiftly tossing mattress, blanket and sheet to precisely the right positions. I wondered where he slept at night and whether he was comfortable; in the dining car I hoped that the people would not be too hungry to save some good things for the porter. And I so wanted him to know that I belonged to the "nice people." What I desired was not an air of servitude and abashment; it was rather a sense of companionship, unforced and unembarrassed on both sides. My innermost knowledge told me that he and I were parts of the same type of civilization. Already I was aware that my inheritance was of no market value. He would be obliged to make a new way for himself and his children in a world un-

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alterably fixed by new tenets of value; I faced the same problem.

How it warmed me inwardly when the porter showed by inerrant subtlety that we understood each other. I could laugh with secret delight when he over-attended the loud and ponderous men and women who tipped him five dollars. I could admire his reserved strength, his breeding, when he was addressed with rude sharpness and sometimes cursed. By far the most subtle of all, though, and by far the most significant and yet difficult to explain, was the deeply-felt contempt which we shared for the hard-faced and disrespectful white people who would be sauntering past the Pullman cars as they walked to and from the day coaches over the crunching cinders of the way stations. Of such people were the sheriffs, the rural store keepers, the small farmers, the indigent countrymen who loafed in the towns on Saturday afternoons and the moonshine distillers. One might read in the papers about their candidates for political office. They were the "taxpayers"; as such, they sought to control the legislatures, the courts, the schools. Their political slogan was "white supremacy," which was somewhat less of a threat to the Negroes than a challenge to the formerly acknowledged rulers of the past régime.

Their ancestors, driven from fertile fields by the intrusion of rich landowners and the slaves of the plantation era, harbored bitter jealousy against the members of a society which crushed their privileges and made them outcasts. It was natural that they should have closely connected the Negro with the system under which they had lain pauperized and exiled for generations. Upon the destruction of the pillars of the manorial society, the long rebellious hill people reached for vengeance and power through mass movements of their kind. To them, prestige and wealth had come to be synonymous with control and exploitation of the Negro. It was inevitable that they should have been inclined to measure their own rise to heights, once they had snatched at the reins, by the degree of their enforced ascendancy over the Negro. Other essential aspects of the plantation system, whatever admirable qualities it may have possessed, were somewhat too profound and intangible, to seize their imaginations and imitative faculties. Having observed the industriousness of the Negro slave and the easy languor of the white masters, they revolted from the one and attempted to assume the other. They accepted poverty before they would work; their version of the luxury of ease often became a decadent shiftlessness.

Even today in the South there are few experiences so delightful to the soul of a shoddy white man as playing the idle "boss" to a group of Negroes sweating over pick and shovel, or as sitting with a shot-gun as guard over a gang of Negro convicts working the highways. At automobile filling stations the white attendant only sets the gauge on the gasoline pump and accepts the patron's money; through all the more menial details of the usual regimen of small services, he meticulously directs his "colored boy" with the pride and joy of high authority.

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But in the old period such an attitude, doggedly held, was evidence of a stubborn and rigorous strength. Under all circumstances, any privation was preferable to the exiled whites to filling a menial position, to performing "Negro work." They began to emphasize such words as *liberty* and *democracy* in their hillside strongholds. Many of them fought on the Union side during the Civil War. Penniless and orphaned, young Andrew Jackson submitted to imprisonment in South Carolina before he would polish an English officer's boots. In the latter decades of slavery, as the falsely built walls of the manor houses were tumbling down, such leaders as Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Andrew Jackson rose from the non-slaveholding classes. The more sturdy white yeomen and freeholders sensed the basic weakness of the plantation order. In a story about the era, Wilbur Daniel Steele has one of his characters exclaim: "Slavery? War to free the black man? How many of us ever owned a black man? Neighbor Ed Danford here had one; traded a colt for him and always wanted the colt back. Gray Ozzle Wyrick . . . got three Niggers once, to broaden his cotton crop and help in the house. And year by year he saw them, not enriching but pauperizing him, pocket and soul, turning his wife hypochondriac, and beginning to weight his children with the fat of vanity and sloth."

As touching the Negro franchise, the generations of underprivileged white people in the South have felt that Negro votes would be cast against them; consequently, their aim has been to keep the poll exclusively in their own hands. During the rise of the Populist parties mainly in the final decade of the Nineteenth Century, there were instances of voting combinations between Negroes and the small white farmers. Kolbs Revolt in 1892, which sought to align Negroes with the Populist movement, would have been successful had not the regular Democrats relied upon the Black Belt Negroes to bolster sagging majorities.

Before 1890 there were curious exploitations of the Negro vote by questionable means. In 1872, when the mineral deposits of the Birmingham district had just been discovered, there was an election to determine whether the courthouse should be moved a few miles eastward from Elyton, where it then was located. The older settlers with interests at Elyton opposed the change. The land company, which owned the property surrounding the proposed new site, taking advantage of the disfranchisement of many of the opposing white people, imported hundreds of Negroes to vote for shifting the courthouse. As brass bands played and the odor of barbecued meat filled the air, railroad construction trains hauled the Negroes into town. To the bewildered crowds one "Colonel" James R. Powell, clad in a plumed hat, red sash, the army coat of a brigadier general and a glittering sword, delivered a stirring address favoring the proposed change. While Powell spoke majestically from the ornate saddle of a proud white horse, the word was whispered through the Negroes that he was General Grant. At the polls the victory for the new land company was overwhelming.

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Data compiled by the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, a body composed jointly of Negro educators and white liberal leaders, clearly demonstrate that savage attacks intended to "keep the Negro in his place" have occurred almost entirely in rural areas where education and breeding are at a minimum among the whites. Many historians, including Charles A. Beard, have supported the observable fact that the planting families tended to move from their country estates into Southern cities as soon as possible after the wreckage of their hierarchy. In numerous cases many ambitious young representatives of these families, like many of the enterprising Negroes, tended to go northward in search of better opportunities. But in the majority of instances the Negroes were left behind at the mercy of white freeholders and "poor whites."

Last summer, wishing to examine a celebrated old Episcopal church, I drove to such a deserted region on the edge of the Alabama Black Belt. A sign on the church door told me that the key was to be obtained at the home of Jane Jones across the street. Jane Jones, as I should have guessed from the lime scattered about her front yard and the extreme neatness of her small cottage, was an ancient slave woman. The home of white people in corresponding circumstances would probably have been slovenly. But I did not at first realize in the dim light that she was a Negro, and as a consequence I addressed her as "Miss Jones" and took off my hat. Though I almost at once thereafter clapped my hat back on and began to call her "Jane," in approved Southern fashion, my initial behavior had touched a complex of emotions in the old woman's mind; it gave me an entrance into her thought which I, as a Southern man, could not have gained otherwise.

At the same time pleased and suspicious, she asked me, "Who is you?" Establishing myself as reputable by naming some of the old families once identified with that region, I asked her why all these fine people had moved away. "A new man owns the town," she said. "They sold off all their land because they couldn't work in the fields themselves." One by one she told me where individual members of the old families had sought new paths after the Civil War. Her voice and manner carried an unmistakable accent of aggrieved disappointment, a sense of neglect and desertion. She was telling me a fundamental truth: that the white planters, unmindful of their obligations, had left the Negroes behind with their common enemies, to shift for themselves against overwhelming odds. At the moment I felt that Jane Jones had levelled a more justifiable criticism against the South than had Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"The colored folks go too when they can," she added. "I have a niece in Pittsburgh — principal of a school. The white people are as nice to her as they can be." Then, with a sudden change of manner, she nodded toward the house next door and shrewdly covered her boldness by saying, "The white people that live in that house are nice to me — as nice as you please." But the

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other direction of feeling was exhibited when she told me of a visit to her nephew in Chicago (she called him her "niece") and of how he had taken her to see his place of employment at a Ford plant. "There was Mr. Henry Ford himself," she continued with a covert gleam; "he was dressed in overalls, working like everybody else — not just standing around in fine clothes bossing the hands. When my niece introduced me to him, he bowed as nice as you please. 'Howdy-do, Miss Jones' — that's what Mr. Henry Ford himself said to me in Chicago."

Half believing this fantastic story, I at the same time knew that Jane Jones neither expected nor wished me to accept it at face value; she did not want me to call her "Miss Jones." She was telling me something profound and true — a story of neglect. Had not the white people, *her* white people, escaped from the desolated farm lands to the cities of the North and the new towns of the South? "I told my white folks not to sell their places and go off," she went on, reading my face. What parallels of experience and philosophy there were between us. . . . "I told them to keep their homes. Sometimes they would come back for visits — the older ones — looking so thin and pale it made me sad. I would watch them going to church, and they would always come by to see me." But pride and spirit supplanted the softer emotion. "The young colored people that have been North say they are going back," she volunteered. "I ask them how they'll get there — 'ride a mile and walk ten? Well, go on then,' I tell them. I want to go to Chicago and Pittsburgh again myself as soon as there's another excursion."

When I asked her whether the Negroes were happy in the North, her eyes twinkled with sly triumph intermixed with a play of veiled distrust. Did the white people, then, leave her this house? "No, sir. My husband built this house and had other property when he died. See that filling station on the corner where those white men are sitting around? I sold them that property. Now and then the old people send me little presents for taking care of the church." She opened the screen door and directed my attention to a large framed lithograph hanging prominently in her front hallway. It represented a famous American. "I nursed him," explained Jane Jones. "He gave me the picture."

ALTHOUGH the northward migrations of Negroes, so widely noticed during the World War period, have continued, the pace has been slower during the decade just past. It is unreasonable for the Southern commentator to evade the issue by insisting too broadly that they now offer an automatic solution of the South's color problem. One might almost as well await a total absorption of Negro blood by the white race, for in its own category racial admixture is as pronounced as emigration. However much the data may be juggled to suit the theory of any given observer, the following basic figures remain: of the 11,891,143 Negroes in the United States in 1930, 9,361,577 of them lived in the South. While the white population of the South has almost trebled since 1880, the proportion of Negroes in

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the total Southern population decreased only from 36 to 24.7 per cent from 1880 to 1930. What situations may be revealed in twenty, fifty, or a hundred years are interesting subjects for conjecture. But for the present at least the problems rising from a concentration of the Negro population lie mainly at the door of the South.

Such organizations as the Commission on Interracial Coöperation and the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching within the last few years have been gathering and disseminating material to such an extent that the realities of racial maladjustment are entering the consciousness of Southern liberal opinion. The Department of Records and Research at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, which publishes the *Negro Year Book*, is an invaluable depository of information on interracial attitudes. Impracticably violent and lawless activities on both sides frequently are being supplanted by more intelligent and conservative means. As reputable opinion among the whites attempts to counteract the Ku Klux Klan, so organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People attempt to offset the radical International Labor Defense. Widespread discussion of the Scottsboro case, in which eight Negro boys were condemned to execution on evidence strongly attacked as dubious, is not without its educational weight in the South. Especially in colleges, books on the Negro are shedding light. A recent issue of *Social Forces*, published at the University of North Carolina, reviewed twenty books written on the Negro in the last two years. But in spite of these signs of progress, the Negro problem is vexed in the South by the conflict of opposing points of view in the white race. While the demagogue stumps the outlying districts for "the white man's party," his wife, who would not sit beside a Negro in a street car, has entrusted the formative mind of their child almost exclusively to the untrained ministrations of a Negro nursemaid.

In *Dark Laughter* Sherwood Anderson suggests that ironies of the white world hold the stage to the accompaniment of a softly chuckling Greek chorus of black people. Whether supporting Mr. Anderson's view or not, little Negro boys in Southern university towns may now and then be observed with soft-drink bottle caps strung on shoe laces across their chests in burlesque imitation of the fraternal and honorary emblems of collegiate triumph. But DuBose Heyward's *Mamba's Daughters* is nearer the crux of the matter when it pictures the outcast Negroes of Cat Fish Row as seeking sympathy and protection from the Wentworths of Charleston. Mr. Heyward allows that sympathy, once established, to extend beyond the provision of turnip greens and white meat into the realm of intellectual and artistic aspiration. The Wentworths of Charleston, and most Southerners of their type, feel more than a forced obligation toward the Negro. An emotional link built upon a common past is next in force to blood inheritance.

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Four Billion Dollar Servant

By T. Swann Harding

Business men of all kinds, farmers and plain citizens asked for service from the Government; now they are complaining over the bill

The advent of science went far to effect a transformation of the character of our Government. The old idea that the Government should merely protect and defend national and individual rights against criminals and foreign invaders, and that it should act as arbiter and umpire in certain business disputes went into full retreat as science advanced. Various groups began to demand corporate scientific service of the Government. In time even consumers now and then managed to secure a little of that service for themselves. The very business men who demanded that the Government leave business and industry strictly to their own devices, in times of prosperity, began not only to demand all sorts of Government interference in times of adversity, but to suggest and, in a way, to effect the creation of service bureaus designed to supply technical and commercial information at all times.

In periods of depression, of course, the cry for a retrenchment in Governmental activities was heard throughout the land. Grandiloquent and phenomenally misinformed Congressmen stood up in their glory and demanded, for instance, that the Federal Government save the $20,000,000 it spends annually for printing agricultural bulletins. At the same time the same members of Congress avidly secured just as many of these bulletins as they could, and sent information on the raising of cattle and poultry to their apartment-dwelling constituents. At the same time also the total output of the Government Printing Office for all public printing was but $15,500,000 annually, of which $2,500,000 went for Congressional printing, and $6,500,000 for job printing, leaving but $6,500,000 to pay for every governmental book, report, publication, or bulletin issued by the executive and judicial branches of the Government. The Department of Agriculture itself had an annual printing bill at the time of only about $1,000,000.

In the recurrent periods such as the depression of 1929–32 business men also called for drastic retrenchment in Government expenditures and affected great surprise as to the manner in which corporate Government had proliferated since they last

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gave it a glance. Yet if there exists a Bureau of Mines, it exists because the mining industry demanded it. If there exists a Bureau of Dairy Industry, it exists because the dairy industry demanded it, because the dairy industry wanted to know the best way to plan milk routes, to route milk bottles through plants in order to prevent breakage, to make cheese and butter and ice cream, to breed milk-producing cattle and to utilize milk by-products in a profitable manner.

Business customarily assumes that it can teach Government a very great deal, yet constantly protests, especially during prosperity, that the Government has nothing to teach it. Even at such times business, however, is not only willing but eager to secure information about the latest scientific and technical discoveries of Government scientists, and industry always stands waiting at the laboratory door for fragments of knowledge that it may exploit in a profit economy. This indicates the irony of having a large field of socialized industry existing incongruously within the very frame of an acquisitive profit society. Furthermore, at all times, Government intervention is regularly carried on in many business problems and such intervention is welcomed by business even as it protests the encroachments and aggrandizement of Government.

PUBLIC health and safety can be guaranteed only by way of many interferences of Government in private business; a wide variety of meanings are put into the simple adjective "reasonable" when it comes to the promotion of such projects. Again, certain enterprises are suddenly and drastically prohibited by Government action (*vide* prostitution or distilling and brewing) and their property is confiscated, with the result that many workers, often highly skilled, are thrown out of work. Taxation itself affords a considerable measure of business regulation, as the mere consideration of a prospective sales tax indicates; the same held for the licensing of saloons and, in some cities, of houses of prostitution, which were essentially considered illegal but in reality continuously paid large fines which permitted them to operate unmolested. Other types of business structure and action are often newly declared entirely illegal and so treated.

In the Federal Trade Commission we have one of the few agencies in the Government which functions consistently for consumer benefit. At an expenditure that was $1,934,122.47 for 1932, this agency operated actually to build up new competitive business ethics designed to prevent enterprises from exchanging information about prices, dictating the prices at which dealers should resell manufactured products, putting different brands and prices on identical merchandise, misrepresenting products in misleading advertising, requiring a dealer to buy an entire line under threat of refusing to sell him specific numbers in the line. We have here a basic attack on what had long been the accepted customs of small competitive business, which indeed became intolerable to business itself when extended to large concerns. In fact, the service of this Commission in attempting to prevent "unfair" dealing is far more often invoked by

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business houses themselves than by consumers.

The tariff is always essentially a system of tax favors which act to subsidize certain businesses and to injure others. It "discovers 'equal opportunity of competition' in a market situation wherein one more fortunate or more efficient competitor is penalized with an artificial cost burden so that a less fortunate or less efficient 'competitor' may meet him on equal terms," says Slichter. It is the Government's most conspicuous way of selecting, quite gratuitously, certain industrial favorites, and the people acquiesce largely because an aura of patriotism is made to envelop the process, while a "naborhood-druggist" feeling of supporting home industry operates on their emotions.

The Government is, of course, ready and willing — but only on express and rather vociferous demand — to perform many helpful services for minorities of the public who make themselves sufficiently objectionable to require pacification. If they demand scientific research and the publication of the results thereof, farmers can have these boons; they can also have freely given them the best technical method for preparing the most economical good fertilizers and insecticides, though the average citizen could not so secure similar Governmental formulas for house paint. Thus a furore was raised in 1931 about a certain Farmers' Bulletin on *Onion Culture*, which was described by an irritated but superbly misinformed writer as just issued, and now destined to collect dust in the Government Printing Office, and later to be thrown away or burned. Yet that bulletin was first issued in 1909 in an edition of 30,000 copies; a new edition of 30,000 copies, costing only $571, had just appeared in 1930, and — the point most patently overlooked — farmers had demanded and used 620,000 copies of this Bulletin between 1909 and 1930.

If farm wives request 1,205,000 copies of a Farmers' Bulletin on *House Cleaning Made Easier*, costing about $875 per 100,000 to print, and they actually did that, corporate Government at present supplies them. If farmers demanded 220,000 copies of another Farmers' Bulletin in about five years, at a total cost of $1,800, it is because they wanted information on *Simple Plumbing Repairs* which the Government could supply. If farm wives wanted 205,500 copies of a Farmers' Bulletin on *Window Curtaining* in four years, at a total cost of $2,730, and they did just that, they have been taught and indeed advised to make just such demands on corporate Government and protest is rather ineffectual, unless some scheme can be devised to assure us that Government cease functioning as a service corporation to all of the people and to all groups at once.

Business is in no position to protest and such protests in *Nation's Business* are particularly grotesque so long as the Department of Commerce exists, upon which this very magazine and its readers depend so heavily for information. For information is collected for business; foreign trade conditions are carefully explained to business men; efforts are made governmentally to cultivate foreign good will for American

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industry; business coöperation in economical standardization is investigated and encouraged; the currency is regulated governmentally. Not only that, but the American merchant marine is subsidized heavily at the behest of business interests. Also, in 1929 airplanes carried 7,700,000 pounds of mail. It then cost $8.80 to send a pound of mail by air from Boston to Los Angeles, yet the Government subsidized this business to the extent of charging but eighty cents for such carriage. Such subsidies come largely out of the national Treasury and are supported by taxes drawn in large part from the pockets of those who do not benefit from the particular subsidy.

In general it can be said that Government always interferes in business whenever sufficient pressure by some passionate minority makes such interference imperative. It often takes very long to accomplish this, as in the case of the campaign for a Pure Food Law which culminated under Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and which produced a present-day Food and Drug Administration, supposed to regulate the tremendous food and drug industries on an expenditure of some $1,300,000 annually. In the same way Government tends to take over certain functions which essentially put it in business in direct competition with private industry. It does this at such times as minorities demand and various types of pressure are exerted upon it. At these times such action seems wise, beneficent and necessary. Later it is almost bound eventually to be regarded as bureaucratic aggrandizement, illegitimate encroachment upon the field of private business, or an unwarranted and extravagant expenditure of taxpayers' money.

In this manner Government has become a $4,000,000,000 business. Its general functions or overhead cost about $243,438,000 in 1932, its legislative branch required about $14,453,000, the judicial branch $12,407,000, the executive $288,000, fiscal administration $73,726,000, the construction of new Government buildings $82,324,000. Civil and Spanish War pensions also cost it $222,000,000. The World War took about twenty-four per cent of the revenue or over $900,000,000. Military costs entire took forty-one per cent of the revenue or $1,616,387,000, while all civil functions ran only 24.3 per cent. Agricultural marketing loans cost $157,000,000 for the year indicated and public roads about $136,411,000. General law enforcement footed up to $53,507,000, foreign relations to $17,337,000, the promotion of labor interests to $11,186,000, the promotion of public health to $23,282,000, education to $17,578,000, and all science and research received the handsome sum of $16,532,000.

Coming specifically to a single department, the *Digest of Appropriations* for 1932 records that the Department of Agriculture cost $422,202,837. Of this sum, however, nearly $70,000,000 went for loans to farmers and about $250,000,000 for the construction of public roads. Meanwhile the Veteran's Administration cost $1,032,717,453. The largest single expenditure of Government is for the redemption of public debts and the payment of interest on such debts. In 1927 about one-fourth

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of Government expenditures went for this purpose, one-fifth for education, slightly less than one-fifth for the police, military and naval expenditures, about one-seventh for public highways, and about one-fourteenth for general administrative expenditures. One can say roughly that twenty-seven per cent goes for protection (if the national debt be included as a war expenditure); a very substantial part of State and local Government debts may be attributed to education and to road construction, making a full one-fourth for education, and one-fifth for roads; and these three major objects — protection, education and roads — take over two-thirds of the revenue. Which do citizens care to renounce — wars, roads, or the thirst for knowledge?

In numerous instances the demands made for service seem out of all proportion to the size of the appropriation vouchsafed the bureau designed to give that service. Thus, while the American Battle Monuments Commission had a budget of $304,250 in 1932, the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, had only $179,900 to cover all its widespread social and economic activities. Or consider the Children's Bureau which spent roughly $390,000 annually. What was it supposed to do? It was expected to expand the birth and death registration areas; to establish State child hygiene bureaus and permanent health centres, and to stimulate increased State appropriations for child and maternal hygiene; to coöperate in the establishment of institutes and obstetric short courses for physicians; to study the causes of maternal deaths, the prevalence of rickets, the frequency of still births, and neonatal mortality; to investigate the status of injured minors under workmen's compensation laws; to aid in the prevention and treatment of delinquency, and of dependent, and neglected children; to study child recreation, child labor trends, juvenile court statistics, child hygiene and public health laws, and child labor as related to compulsory school attendance; to look after children born out of wedlock, juvenile and domestic relations courts, and physically and mentally handicapped children; to coöperate with existing State agencies; to issue exhibits, bulletins, radio talks and press releases on prenatal and child care.

The Bureau has, of course, been totally unable to cope with the flood of requests coming in to it. It can neither publish its work promptly nor attempt to keep up with the demands made upon it. Should we very bitterly, but very ignorantly, decry the workers in this Bureau and distort the importance and the conscientiousness of their work, as a very prominent physician, a former president of the American Medical Association has done recently, or should we examine the demands we ourselves make upon Government and act in the light of our service requirements? True enough, we have so arranged taxation that a little more than sixteen cents out of every dollar is taken from those who have incomes of $1,000 or less, annually, but less than one and a half cents per dollar is taken from those with incomes of $5,000,000 or more. We have even arranged it so that a farmer, who, though poor, must of

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necessity own real estate, may pay $130 in taxes on an annual profit of $1,000, whereas a salaried man with a wife and no children would, in the very same State, be taxed but $3.75 via an income tax on his $4,000 salary. As Slichter says, "The essential nature of most taxes . . . consists in the fact that they are compulsory levies upon individuals for the benefit of all." This is merely socialism under another name. The question is: how much capital shall we socialize and how shall we use this socialized capital? For the corporate functions of Government are far more likely to increase than to decrease. Business itself demands this.

WHEN the Interstate Commerce Commission first came into existence it arrived denounced as socialism on the floors of Congress. The statement was made that its passage presaged the rapid transition of the railroads from private to State ownership. Yet in 1930 business men were actually saying that the Government "should assume complete responsibility for such business as is not under an elaborate system of public regulation," and were not alarmed at the progress of Government ownership in business "if the business is of such a nature that it can not be carried on by private enterprise without the protection to all concerned which is afforded by an elaborate system of public regulation." It was suggested that all transportation services be lumped in "a corporation or public trust controlled by the Government and designed to be self-supporting," with directors or trustees "selected in part by non-political agencies." Indeed we were told that if "the same amount of ingenuity were devoted to the subject as has been devoted, for example, to the creation of intricate and largely vicious mazes of holding companies and interlaced subsidiaries, it would be quite possible to evolve a plan for complete governmental responsibility for the transportation services which would retain most of the merits of private initiative." That this would involve an elaborate and expensive expansion of bureaucracy goes without saying; the encroachment upon private industry is also apparent.

In 1929–1930 the railroad companies, alarmed by bus competition and by that of trucks, first began to emit loud wails and to declare that their business was being ruined. Next they went to the Government for protection and clamored for the interference of the Interstate Commerce Commission which, having taken from thirteen railroads in one year $2,042,484 in excess profits under the recapture clause of its Act, recommended the repeal of this clause and also suggested that auto traffic be "regulated" so as to offer the railroads less severe competition. This is the same Commission that railway officials denounced as dangerously socialistic at its inception. Under a real, free, competitive system, of course, the man or corporation which quoted the lowest prices would get the business. Under our system various industries are subsidized in various ways as soon as powerful interests see their business threatened by cheaper products or services. The technique requires that these lusty individualists even run to Congress, if necessary, and demand

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legislation and further Government interference to protect them from injury by having their competitors hamstrung.

Again — in 1929 highly individualistic exploitation managed to produce 485,000,000 barrels per year more than we needed. Immediately producers appealed to the Government to remedy things. But the Attorney-General said that price-fixing was illegal by reason of legislation industry had already demanded, and that Governmentally restricted production amounted to price fixing. The oil companies were then in great distress because bureaucracy refused to encroach into their part of the field of private business. In fact both the companies and the Government wanted to restrict oil production, but the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, an instrument demanded also by a public minority, stood in the way.

A very little later than this a prominent mining engineer of Philadelphia told the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers that he advocated the Government ownership of coal lands because the privately individualistic operators were obviously losing money. The president of the National Coal Association himself advocated, at very least, powerful Government (bureaucratic) regulation to end "uneconomic, unreasonable and unfair competition," and the overproduction that depressed income — evils, of course, which big business, so ready to advise retrenchment or more economical operation in Government service, had proven incapable of managing itself. In 1930, also, Mr. Spreckels was telling a Boston conference on retail distribution that it was the duty of the Government to get the kinks out of industry, that State and Federal laws should be used freely to promote the public welfare, and actually that "immediate steps should be taken by our Government to regulate competition as it did during the World War." Precisely how one is to reconcile such demands for service on the part of business with the cry of business (*vide Nation's Business*) for less bureaucracy and less public expenditure it is difficult to say.

In 1932 it was popular to decry the construction of the palatial new Department of Commerce Building which cost $17,000,000. It was even said that $600,000 worth of good property was ruthlessly destroyed to make way for it. Yet the funds had certainly been spent on building construction at a time when the industry needed such stimulation most; the building was not any more magnificent than the offices erected at pleasure by private industry; the destruction of property involved was no more criminal than the removal of the old Waldorf-Astoria to make way for the Empire State Building, and of fine, expensive apartment houses to make way for the new Waldorf-Astoria; and, finally, business and industry have preëminently demanded both a huge Government construction programme and also the service rendered by the Department of Commerce, and have profited nobly therefrom.

Turning to the Department of Agriculture, in 1930, whereas reforestation was badly needed and the lumber stringency was acute, things had not yet reached a point where

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private competitive industry would promote commercial forestry on a large scale. The profits were too small, and too far in the future. Consequently, the State purchase of as much forest land as possible was advocated in reports of the Department of Agriculture and those alert to the situation were well aware that only the forests managed by the Forest Service of the Federal Government or by soundly scientific State agencies, were properly, economically and efficiently managed. Private management was still wasteful, careless and indifferent to the public good in the usage of what is essentially the public domain.

We meet the sturdy urge of private business to claim service, but to denounce Governmental interference, in the Food and Drug Administration, an organization that serves the consumer. When, in enforcing the Act, the Administration decreases the profits of disreputable manufacturers, its "unwarranted activity" is denounced, and the drug trade is requested to protest as a unit and to demand freedom from such "unfair" rulings as declare that a mixture of turpentine, ammonia, Balm of Gilead, eggs, mustard oil and formalin can not be sold as "The Penetrating Germicide," and recommended to dig into the skin and pluck tuberculosis germs right out of the blood and tissues. On the other hand, when competition becomes ruthless; when drug substitution occurs — one product being made to imitate in appearance another trade-marked product; or when a commerical junta, ruthless in its desire to profit by trade in the drug ergot, is so careless in its tactics as to undermine public confidence in pharmacy as a whole; or when substandard products compete too successfully with standard products and threaten their profits — these very same interests denounce the Administration for failure to serve them, to enforce the law and to proceed madly with its bureaucratic interference in business.

To what conclusion do we come then? Simply that we can not eat our cake and have it. Science has tended to accelerate the transition of classic Government into a stupendous corporate form from which individuals and groups have been trained to demand services not otherwise easily available. All of these services really cost little compared with the total cost of Government, or even with the sums spent on past and future wars. But they do cost. They can not be retrenched substantially without a reëducation not only of the public, which has perhaps come to depend too much upon Government care and attention, but a reëducation of business and industrial interests which clamor for and absolutely demand more service, increased bureaucracy and the further extension of Government into business at the very same time that they decry the growth of bureaucratic control and the expenditure such growth entails. We must simply decide what we want Government to be or to supply and then proceed to see that our decision is carried out.

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The Literary Landscape

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

PERHAPS a better title for the department this month might be something like *News of the World*, since the Landscaper is once more rambling. But before he has finished taking his readers on tour, he promises here and now to have something to say about books. In fact, this first paragraph will not be brought to a close without some mention of matters literary. The journey was no more under way, and the Landscaper comfortably settled aboard the *France*, than he tackled Ludwig Lewisohn's *Expression in America* in real earnestness, a book often mentioned here before, but which had had to be read only in snatches because of the pressure of many things in New York. The Lewisohn volume needs to be read slowly and thoughtfully; it is the sort of book that deserves to be divided with far horizons and the rolling seas, since Mr. Lewisohn raises more than one question that is of vital importance to every American. He is commenting upon letters in terms of life, writing about matters to which he has given a good deal more than casual consideration. It is a distinctly personal book, fulfilling quite aptly Anatole France's definition of criticism as "the adventure of the soul among masterpieces," although, to be sure, Mr. Lewisohn finds far fewer masterpieces in the whole history of writing in America than are discovered by reviewers and publishers' advertising men every season.

Freud and the Puritans

SINCE, for example, Mr. Lewisohn is a follower of Freud, he is violently anti-Puritan, holding with more than one other critic of American art that whatever is wrong with us started in New England, and that we shall never have great art until we have liberated ourselves from our ancestral bonds. Each man has his own peculiar devil, to whom he attributes all the evil in the world; Puritanism happens to be the name of Mr. Lewisohn's Force of Evil. But much that he attributes to Puritanism is characteristic of a large section of the whole human race, and the offered alternative to this unattractive way of life, the system of philosophy evolved by the distinguished gentleman from Vienna, has yet to prove itself as satisfactory in every respect as its opposite.

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In short, Puritanism is a way of life we know all about, having grown up with it; Freudianism — this is taking for granted that Freudianism is philosophy as well as psychology, which seems a fair assumption — arrived only day before yesterday. It has, indeed, exercised a tremendous effect upon literature, and both indirectly and directly, upon life; but it leaves unsolved several rather important questions that have been troubling the human mind for as much as five thousand years.

The Need of Wisdom

All this means, boiled down to a few words, is that the Landscaper found plenty to argue with in Mr. Lewisohn's book, which is exactly as it should be. All of us look at life with our own eyes, and everything that has happened to us as individuals colors the picture. If Mr. Lewisohn's colors do not seem at all times exactly suitable, few will question his skill in putting down what he sees; his book is filled with sound and fresh judgments upon such varied figures in our literature as Emerson and William Faulkner; Walt Whitman and Willa Cather. Mr. Lewisohn raises a question that has long vexed this observer, and has never found a wholly satisfactory answer: why is it that writers do not ripen in America? Ripen is the exact word required; why do not some, at least, of our flashing young men of genius grow wiser and kinder, deeper and sounder, with the passing of the years? Why are most of our novelists finished by the time they are forty-five, or why, if they do go on writing, is it that they exhibit such strikingly arrested mental and spiritual development? This is a large question; it applies to more writers than the interesting and ill-fated group of which David Graham Phillips and Paul Leicester Ford were brilliant examples. It applies to half a dozen contemporary novelists who are still living, but whose good work was all done years ago. One fears, too, as Mr. Lewisohn suggests, that it may apply to several of the beginners of our own times, beginners of genuinely fine talent, too.

Messrs. Mather and Edwards

To return to this matter of Puritanism, the Landscaper ought properly to be on the side of Mr. Lewisohn for the very good reason that he — the Landscaper — was forced to spend a college year in the company of Messrs. Wendell and Greenough, for whom the literary history of America began and ended in New England, and Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were more important figures than Mark Twain, Sidney Lanier, Herman Melville — was he mentioned at all? — and Emily Dickinson all rolled into one, with Walt Whitman thrown in. What rubbish is forced upon defenseless young people in the way of text-books on literature! Perhaps the style has changed, but if this humble follower of writing had not discovered Emerson and Thoreau some time before going to college, Messrs. Wendell and Greenough would have put him off all New England forever. Incidentally, all the figures just mentioned are well treated by Mr. Lewisohn, the pages on Mark Twain being particularly interesting. As for Emily Dickinson, Mr. Lewisohn writes especially well; this he does

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for the poets in general, including Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Daffodils and Cream

And so we come to the end of the journey on the *France*. But it is not absolutely necessary to have a trip across the ocean to enjoy *Expression in America;* it will serve beautifully as a vacation companion and help to bring you home with a fresh outlook. It was finished and had been pondered by the time the Landscaper walked down the gangplank onto the tender at Plymouth, Plymouth climbing its steep hills, and always filled with thoughts of daffodils and Devonshire cream. The supply of both is still abundant in spite of the depression. For a long time, the Landscaper, always hurrying on to London at this point, had wanted to stop in Plymouth, and especially at the Duke of Cornwall's hotel. So he stopped, and wondered, as he ate good, sound English food in the Greco-Egypto-Moresco dining room of the Duke of Cornwall's hotel what magic quality it was that enabled the English to give what they themselves called a "homely" atmosphere to anything they pleased; that enabled them to take a room perfectly hopeless in its component parts, utterly lacking in style, and to make something altogether agreeable of it. Tall vases of white and yellow flowers on every table undoubtedly helped, and a high white ceiling, but the exact secret belongs to the people who discovered it; they can even use it in connection with the hideosities of contemporary domestic architecture. Give them a square house that looks quite hopeless and in a few years it has become agreeable enough; its harsh badness softened and toned down. It is a valuable secret; what life would be like without it in a country that has no instinctive taste one shudders to think about.

"Q"'s Town of Troy

An English friend had said "By all means go to Fowey" — pronounced Foy — "if you stop off at Plymouth." The Landscaper wondered what possible association there could be in his mind with this little Cornish port; it was, of course, no more than Fowey was Troy Town in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's delightful stories. "Q" came from Fowey; today there are as many Couches in Cornwall as there are Cohens along the Grand Concource. So the Landscaper went, making the proper change at Lostwithiel, and found Fowey as delightful as it had been promised to be. It is one of many Cornish ports at the mouths of rivers that run down to the sea between towering hills, a friendly town strung out along one long street, from which one looks down at the freight steamers rusting at anchor in the safe harbor, and at the sailing vessels, and the busy small ferry, and at the thousands of gulls. . . . Point Neptune guards the harbor mouth, a high and lonely hill with an old fort half way down its slopes and on its very top the graves of two Rashleighs and two Sackvilles, members of the local gentry. A lovely place for the long sleep, amid the yellow of the gorse, and no other sounds than the booming of the sea and the gulls mewing. . . . From Fowey, said my friend, go to Falmouth; but once under

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way, the Landscaper is a far traveler. Besides had he not always wanted to see Penzance? And so Penzance it was, and Land's End, and St. Just and St. Ives, and Mousehole, this last a suburb of Penzance, and St. Michael's Mount, which is unbelievably medieval, an island and a castle that look as if some one had dreamed them.

A Land's End Philosopher

IT RAINS in Cornwall, although the natives say the weather is "usually very good." The sun shone for a brief interval, while the Landscaper stood on top of the rocks at Land's End, taking in as much beauty as possible to enjoy later; it was here that the ancient spirit of the place, an old guide, who said he had been there, man and boy, for seventy year, came along, with gulls following him and asking to be fed, as tame as chickens; and in a lecture of half an hour explained his whole philosophy of life. He was a kindly soul; one did not have to listen to what he said to know that there was something simple and good about him, and the gulls trusted him fully, although whether or not he appealed to their appetites or their better natures some one else will have to decide. "It was pretty lonely here in the winter time," he said, "until the wireless came, but now some of my friends ask me in every evening to listen. It's wonderful, isn't it, sir?" I agreed, thinking sadly of the programmes in the United States; thinking even more sadly that so many of man's inventions were wonderful in themselves, but of little use really. The guide was excited because he could hear at Land's End a noise made in London or Birmingham or even Edinburgh; more sophisticated people are excited because they can move rapidly from one place to another, although having moved, their lives are no more influenced by the moving than if they had stayed in the same place. Is it carping to suggest that the radio will be wonderful when something important may be heard over it? These were unexpressed thoughts, of course; the Landscaper was glad the guide was less lonely in the winter, although suspecting that he would have been far less charming a person if he had spent all his life listening to the B.B.C., instead of having many lonely winters.

Hard Times in Cornwall

IT WAS raining too hard for the charabancs to make their regular journey to Tintagel, so this has been saved for another time. Cornwall feels the hard times, along with the rest of the world; her tin, which the Phenicians knew and treasured, is too cheap to make its mining profitable, and her china clay is less wanted than it used to be, perhaps because the "slick paper" magazines in America are using less paper these days. If this reference is too technical, china clay is used to "load" pulp paper, and to make it glossy; it is also used to load silk and wool, and sometimes even to make pottery and china of. The Duchy's sons have had a hand in industrial enterprises from one end of the earth to the other, but there is as little for them to do elsewhere as at home. The Landscaper made a train journey with one of them, a lorry driver, he explained, adding that he knew we called 'em

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trucks in the United States. He was a fine, strong fellow, red-cheeked and healthy, not grousing, either, but when he looked out of the window and said, after a brief period of silence, "I wisht I was workin'," one felt the sudden tragedy of the whole miserable business. . . . Not the tragedy, either, of hunger, or of ragged clothes, or inability to meet obligations; but the far deeper tragedy of feeling unwanted, of not "belonging" in the sense Eugene O'Neill used the word in *The Hairy Ape*.

A Glimpse of Russia

DOES this get us out of Cornwall? If not, a day's run in the train along the Cornish and Devon coasts will do it, and here we are in London. One of the first people encountered was Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent for the New York *Times*, on his way to New York for a brief visit. More than one person who knows has said that Duranty is the best-informed foreigner in Russia today, so the Landscaper asked questions and listened. This is approximately what Mr. Duranty said on the subject of possible trouble between Russia and Japan: Russia has mobilized 250,000 men along her borders, well-armed, well-equipped and well-drilled, probably the best army Russia has had in the field in modern times. There are plenty of airplanes, tanks, light artillery, and machine guns, and plenty of supplies. The food ration was reduced recently when every one expected it to be increased, the reason being that large stores of supplies had to be sent to Vladivostok and neighboring cities, so that the army, at the far end of a single track line across Siberia, would be in no danger of a food shortage. Their supplies now are sufficient for three months of actual warfare. In order to accomplish anything of importance, Japan would have to land an expeditionary force of at least half a million men, since the Red Army would not leave its own territory. Ergo, added Mr. Duranty, I do not think there will be a war in that section any time soon, and neither do the Soviet leaders. He added that his own opinion of the Russian army of today was a high one; that discipline appeared to be excellent, that Russia was herself turning out large quantities of war materials of all sorts, and would soon be self-supporting in this respect.

The Five-Year Plan

SOLDIERS of fortune, German officers, former prisoners of war, Austrians, Czechs, and others, had, he said, helped in training the troops, which he thought would give a good account of themselves whenever they were called upon. Russian enthusiasm for the Five-Year Plan has not abated, declared Mr. Duranty, and the period of food shortage is likely to be over in another year, if the harvests are up to expectation. Turkestan is making remarkable progress in cotton growing, and should shortly be able to take care of all the nation's needs for this important raw material; the Turkestan cotton farmer has the great advantage of coming to his task without any preconceived notions, and the farms are being mechanized as far as possible. A vacuum cotton picker has been tried and found successful; remembering that practically the entire American crop of

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the staple is still gathered by hand, this point interested the Landscaper. Fresh from this glimpse of things in the U.S.S.R., the Landscaper took refuge from more rain in a motion picture house showing another of the Soviet propaganda films, this one being called *The Five-Year Plan*. It is a remarkably beautiful and stirring piece of work; there is something strangely thrilling about looking at a savage tribe gathered about a radio, or seeing women of the Caucasus in native dress step into a tri-motored all-metal monoplane and go sailing away with a bearded pilot at the controls.

Maybe It's All Wrong

PERHAPS an old fogy like the Landscaper should not be thrilled by such things; perhaps he should shed tears that the peaceful lives of these primitive folk are to be ruined by modern inventions. Perhaps they will be ruined, too; it is very dangerous to break up old patterns too suddenly, but the Russian experiment has a delightfully incredible quality that is very appealing in a matter-of-fact world. It is the most dynamic thing on earth today; a continent being remade before our eyes. For what? Well, that's another question. We Americans remade one, and it would embarrass some of us to be asked the same thing. One does not always ask the purpose of drama; it is sufficient of itself.

Changes in London

AND London? Certainly the most striking thing about the city at this moment is the number of shops for sale or to let, vacant shops. Last year this was not the case, so that the change is all the more striking; more striking, anyway, because one does not expect London to change, and least of all, does one look for a business to move from one place to another. Empty buildings are painful enough in New York, although there is always the consoling thought that most of them should not have been built anyway, but here in London they have been built forever, and seem particularly forlorn because of their venerability. Reports in America that things are actually better here are exaggerated; one Englishman said: "When you Americans come to London you think we are more cheerful, but actually it is merely that we have known nothing else but bad times since 1918." Another's happy thought was that England felt consoled "because she had touched bottom while other countries still had it to touch." Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers cry "Empire, Empire!" the clock around, and goods of all kinds are marked plainly so that one may be sure he is either "Buying British" or betraying his country. "British All Through" was the label on a box of bananas seen in Covent Garden; the fruit shop windows look odd with their labels of "Foreign" or "Empire"; it comes as a bit of a strange thought that an orange grown on a tree in the ordinary processes of nature should take on nationality.

Viewing with Alarm

THIS old free trader resents all such goings on; he views with alarm and astonishment the utter collapse of an international economic structure which at one time promised to do more for the world than all the

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parleys that will ever be held on the shores of Lac Leman. Brewers and hopgrowers are having an especially hard time in England; beer has been taxed to the point where homebrew is being seriously considered. The Landscaper would like to suggest that we trade England as many thousand homebrewers as she can use for her breweries and hopfields. We might throw in the reparations payments, too; and we might also run the risk of a war later on when well-trained beer palates tried the American brands. Few Englishmen complain about paying twenty-five per cent or more of their incomes to the Government in taxes, but there appears to be real indignation on the subject of the beer tax. . . .

No Earth-Shaking Books

NO ONE book seems to be sweeping all before it in England just now, although some best-sellers appear to be in the making. Charles Morgan's novel *The Fountain*, which may be out in America by the time this article is published, has won a wide popularity, and has received all the critical praise possible. Other novels, the majority of which we shall be able to buy in our own bookshops eventually, include: Phoebe Fenwick Gaye's *New Heaven New Earth;* Doreen Wallace's *The Gentle Heart;* Sheila Kaye Smith's *The Children's Summer;* Kathleen Hewitt's *Mardi;* Charles Gilson's *Wild Metal;* Marjorie Bowen's *Dark Rosaleen;* Nora C. James' *Hospital*, Beatrice Kean Seymour's *Maids and Mistresses*, and Daphne du Maurier's *I'll Never Be Young Again.* It is quite by accident that only one gentleman appears in this list of novelists, and there is a wide variety of fiction to be found in the work of the women mentioned, several of whom are already quite well known in the United States.

A Liberal's Way Out

IN NON-FICTION, Sir Arthur Salter's *Recovery*, which was off to a good start in America before the Landscaper left, is attracting a great deal of attention. It represents the liberal and international point of view, and is a distinctly hopeful book, although economic actualities do not seem to run in the same direction as the thoughts of its author. Sir Josiah Stamp's *The Financial Aftermath of War* is just now published, and will command attention because of the importance of the position of its writer. E. F. Benson's *Charlotte Brontë* is arousing much controversy, as any book on the Brontës is sure to do, and The Shakespeare Head at Oxford is publishing a definitive edition of all the Brontës' work, which is to be had for about thirty dollars at the current rate of exchange. The second volume of Sir William Rothenstein's *Men and Memories*, covering the period between 1900–1922 is out, and is said to be up to the high standard of the first; there will be many Americans eagerly awaiting its appearance. On the whole, an interesting, rather than a really exciting, season.

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